THE LIVING AGE.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE STORM WIND.

I am the Wind, I am the Wind,
The great Voice of the Lord.
Then wherefore are ye deaf and blind,
And list not what I tell your kind?
Of the deep workings of His mind,
Of daedal mazes He designed
To wreck again by sword?

I wail of priests in Anathoth,
Of Levi and of Shem.
Or quickly whirring as a moth
I sing of brawls 'twixt Hun and Goth,
And shake like cones of Ashtaroth,
Or whisper of old Khem.

I flute of half-gods in strange guise,
Of barrows on high tors,
Of Merlin weeping 'neath the rise,
Of Pan-pipes skirling to the skies,
Of Bacchus and Pentheian cries
And primal satyr wars.

I chant of stars that fell to Naught,
Of waves I bade subside.
Of continents which lie unwrought,
Of tropic isles where Saurians fought,
Of hidden mines the Titans sought,
Of Krishna and his bride.

I thunder of volcanic throes,
Of storms in green sea-stills.
Of wild bush-fires and prairie-glows,
Of elfin-laughter on pale floes,
Of rain-gusts on Caucasian snows
And Himalayan hills.

I am the Blast, I am the Blast,
I scourge the maddened flood.
The stellar silence flees aghast,
I whip the cosmic gases past,
I mould and break, and build and cast,
I shake the world from Vast to Vast—
The Trumpet-Voice of God.

Regina Miriam Bloch.

The Spectator.

OF THOSE WHO CHANGE.

Weep not for those who die: they love us yet,
Are with us lest our lonely hearts grow strange,
Are with us lest our weary hearts forget. . . .
Weep not for those who die, but those who change—
The changed ones—those we loved, and now must lose.
(The dead are safe: we love them, and they live.)
Far better dead than changed, if I might choose;
The dead are ours, the changed we must forgive.

Oh! changed and lost! . . . Oh! lost, how utterly! . . .
I know not if the ages can repair
The broken lives, the love that once was there.
Love should live changeless through Eternity.

Ethel Ashton Edwards.

The Athenæum.

A BORDER LAMENT.

"There is music to-night in Joyous Gard,
In the King's Hall by the sea."
"Let them sing an' they will, who have the skill;
The sea's the song for me,"
She said,
"I only hear the sea."

"They are dancing to-night in Joyous Gard,
In the Castle beside the wave."
"Let them dance away, whose hearts are gay,
But how shall I dance on a grave?"
She said,
"I cannot dance on a grave."

"There'll be noon all night in Joyous Gard,
Till the morrow's sun shall rise."
"The East may be red, ere the lamps are dead;
Death's darkness never dies,"
She said,
"And Death never dies."

"The guests are thronging to Joyous Gard,
Like flecks of the wind-swept foam."
"What matter the tread of a world?" she said,
"One footstep comes not home,"
She said,
"And one will never come."

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Of the various prodigies of the present day in the United States few are so prodigious as the Sunday newspaper. It is of comparatively recent origin. It is true that a Sunday paper, the *Courier*, was published in New York as long ago as 1825; and that, from that time up to the period of the Civil War, there were occasional ventures of the sort in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. But these papers were modest affairs; they were of strictly local interest and circulation, most of them were short-lived, and they were not a Sunday output of week-day journals, but were independent enterprises. The excitements of the Civil War led to an occasional Sunday issue of a daily paper when some great battle was in progress or when affairs were otherwise so critical that it seemed intolerable to wait for news from Saturday evening till Monday morning. But the earlier Sunday papers bore no resemblance to the Sunday papers of to-day, beyond the mere circumstance of their being published and sold on Sunday. So short a time ago as 1872 Mr. Hudson, in his *History of Journalism in the United States*, recorded the fact that the establishment of the *New York Herald* was the only one in the United States out of which a paper was issued daily throughout the year. There are now fifteen such establishments in the city of New York, and in Chicago eleven, in Philadelphia eleven, in Boston four, and scores in other cities.

It is during the last quarter of a century that the Sunday newspaper has developed to its present huge proportions. It has been helped to this growth by several favoring conditions, among them the reduced cost of paper, the introduction of the linotype and other labor-saving printing-machines, cheap processes of illustration through the use of photography, the lowering of telegraph tolls, the development of the newspaper "syndicate," and the increasing lavishness and energy of American advertisers. To borrow a phrase from a popular song, it is the advertiser—the ubiquitous, daring, restless, happy-go-lucky advertiser—who "feeds them all."

Here, for example, is a copy of one New York Sunday paper at an "off-time" of the year, when there is no special pressure either of news or of advertising. It has exactly one hundred pages, sixteen inches by twenty-three, and forty-six of these pages of seven columns each—three hundred and twenty-two columns in all—are devoted to advertising. Large department stores take a page or two each to announce bargain sales for the next day, and multitudes of lesser advertisers of every description fill up the rest of the space. So general has become the concentration of certain kinds of advertising in the Sunday papers that, in some instances, publishers of daily papers have been fairly forced to put out Sunday editions because the advertising which formerly made their Saturday issue profitable had been diverted to the Sunday papers.

Here is a copy of another New York Sunday paper, which makes a specialty of publishing small advertisements of the "Want" class, "Situations Wanted," "Help Wanted," "Personals," etc. This in addition to a general advertising business. This number of the paper has fourteen eight-column pages of this class of advertising. A single column, taken at random, contains eighty-two of these

advertisements. If this is a fair average there are over nine thousand advertisers of this class represented in this issue. The paper virtually makes itself an employment bureau, for answers are sent to its office, and it boasts of having found more than twenty thousand places for its clients the preceding week. This, of course, is an exuberant estimate, but it has a certain foundation. Apparently this paper runs a matrimonial bureau also, for among its "Personals" are such paragraphs as these:

Young man, respectable family, would like to marry for domestic happiness; lady of some means preferred.

Pretty maiden, wealthy, affectionate, managing a stock farm alone, needs a husband's assistance.

Wealthy gentleman, lover of home, amiable disposition, has large income yearly, desires lady correspondent with a view to matrimony. No objection to poor or working girl.

Handsome young lady, worth 35,000 dollars, wants acquaintance of honorable gentleman; early marriage. No objection to poor man, if honest.

Widower, one knowing value of pleasant home, wishes correspondence with young lady; no objection to widow; must be respectable and have some means; object matrimony.

Aged gentleman desires to correspond with lady of suitable age, object matrimony.

Answers to these, also, and to many more of the same sort are received and given out to the advertiser at the office of the newspaper.

The general level of intelligence of the people appealed to by this paper may be guessed from such advertisements as the following:

Gifted prophetess, gypsy sympathy, spiritualism, palmist; picture future, love, business, troubles; twenty-five cents, upward.

Wonderful sympathy clairvoyant; business, love, marriage, separations, journeys, losses, troubles.

Psychic palmist Marion, eminently successful adviser, positively guarantees satisfaction; this week, life readings, one dollar. Whenever discouraged, consult Marion.

The latest development of Sunday journalism is the colored "comic section," which flaunts itself on the outside of most of the larger Sunday papers. Crudely drawn, daubed with vivid reds and greens and yellows, and conveying the very feeblest humor, it is like a "comic valentine" extended, and multiplied by forty or fifty. Here is a specimen from a metropolitan Sunday paper. One page is taken up with fourteen pictures representing a small boy's nightmare; another series of twelve pictures portrays the inconvenient consequences of "Little Sammy's Sneeze." Another page of twelve pictures describes the pranks of an urchin who puts a dress on his dog and passes it off for a little girl. These are fair specimens of the type. What can be the mental condition of the adult person who thinks them even faintly funny? These gaudy atrocities have now had a run of several years. There are cheerful optimists who look for a reaction against them. They reason that it is impossible that the Sunday paper should remain stationary; that these pictures are as cheap and maudlin as can be conceived of; and that therefore any change must be for the better. This sounds plausible; but there can be no assurance that there are not yet lower depths than have been reached. Ten years ago the present monstrosities would have seemed incredible.

The "syndicate," which has been mentioned as one of the causes contributing to the growth of the Sunday newspaper, is the application, on a large scale, of the principle of combination. It began with supplying

single articles, stories or interviews, but it has been so extended as to cover whole pages of illustrations, and even complete sections of material ready printed, to be "collated" with those of local production to make the Sunday paper as it reaches the reader. Obviously it makes no difference to the people who buy a New York Sunday paper that the patrons of a Chicago Sunday paper are at the same moment enjoying the illustrations of "Stealthy Steve," or tracing the humorous career of "Buster Brown." They will never know of the duplication, and if they did it would not trouble them. The same thing is true of literary and general features. All that is necessary is to arrange the distribution so that the areas tributary to the participating papers shall not overlap. Here is a twenty-page magazine section which is included in the outfit of several of the most popular Sunday papers. It is well printed and illustrated. Its pictures and literary contents are up to the level of the better ten-cent magazines, and it contains nearly half as much material as they do. Yet this really attractive feature does not cost the Sunday newspaper a cent. It is supplied from week to week, absolutely without charge, in whatever quantities may be desired; and the syndicate which furnishes it makes a handsome profit from the advertisements printed in it, for which, by reason of the enormous and widely scattered circulation which can be guaranteed, extremely high rates are secured.

Fiction, of course, figures conspicuously in the menu of the Sunday newspaper. It is not necessary that it should be fresh. Here is the fiction supplement of a widely-circulated New York Sunday paper. It is made up of stories by Kipling, Stevenson, Hugh Conway, Anstey and Edgar Allan Poe, luridly illustrated. Sometimes a whole novel is given in a supplement. Sometimes, but rarely, the fiction is both good and new. But most of the publishers are disinclined to expend much money on new fiction when an abundance of old stories can be had without outlay, and the readers do not know the difference.

The average Sunday newspaper is ill-suited for Sunday, and, in spite of its vast bulk, it is a poor apology for a newspaper. It is ill-suited to Sunday because ordinarily it makes no recognition whatever of the sacred character of the day, but is wholly given up to secular interests and amusements. And it is a poor apology for a newspaper because much of its material is printed during the preceding week, and even its news sections cannot be held open many hours after the forms of the Saturday evening papers have closed, because of the necessity of shipping the complete paper to distant points to be ready for sale as soon as people are stirring. For the territory reached by the larger Sunday papers extends two hundred miles or more in all directions, wherever railroads or steamers admit of quick transportation. New York Sunday papers appear on the streets of Boston—two hundred miles away—in competition with the local output, as early as seven or eight o'clock in the morning. In the summer special trains run on Sunday morning, conveying the Sunday papers to the distant seaside and mountain resorts. They are driven at express speed for long runs. At every station on the way bundles of papers are left, at a moment's pause, or are flung off upon the platforms with more or less precision as the train slows up for an instant, in the darkness, but without stopping. They are carried in all directions by wagons which are in waiting, and it must be a very remote and scantily populated hamlet that wholly escapes their visitation. This

fact must be taken into account in any attempt to estimate the influence of the Sunday newspaper. The thing originates in the cities, but its circulation extends far into the country districts. It is to these facilities for wide distribution that the enormous circulation of the metropolitan Sunday newspapers is largely due. One New York Sunday paper claims a circulation of 245,000; another, with admirable precision, puts it at 436,830; and a third, possessed of a flamboyant imagination, claims 800,000, and is probably aghast at its own moderation in omitting to make it a round million. But, allowing for exaggeration, and also for the inflation due to the practice of permitting newsdealers to return unsold copies, there is no question that the circulation of the more prosperous Sunday papers does reach huge figures.

And to what is this amazing circulation due? What are the attractions which the Sunday newspaper offers, to lead millions of Americans to buy it every week? Of course, no general statement holds true, without qualification, of all Sunday papers. There are sharply-defined local peculiarities which cause the Sunday journals of one city to differ widely from those of another. And in the same city, there are differences of taste, of literary quality or the absence of it, of artistic excellence or crudity, and of seriousness or flippancy which show plainly that the proprietors are appealing to different classes of people. For purposes of general description we may select representatives of three types: the metropolitan Sunday paper which caters wholly to the "masses"; the metropolitan paper which, while it is not indifferent to the popular demands, seeks also readers of broader interests and a higher order of intelligence; and the local Sunday paper, published in some smaller city, which, to save itself from being swamped by the metropolitan Sunday journals, appeals to its readers by special local features and an abundance of local news.

A specimen of the first type has an eight-page "funny sheet," highly colored outside and combining puzzles with jests and pictures; an eight-page section given over to fiction and to women's departments, fashions, receipts for cooking, directions for the care of children, etc.; eight pages of news; eight pages of sports; twelve pages of dramatic gossip, pictures of actresses, and "society" news, with the broadest possible construction of the term "society"; a ten-page "feature" section, composed of special articles illustrated, among them one domestic scandal, and several other articles of a personal character, with others mostly harmless enough and sometimes mildly informing; and a twenty-page magazine section supplied by a syndicate. One of the best metropolitan specimens of the second type shuns the flaming colors of its more sensational competitors, but has a section of eight pages printed in mild grays and purples, and giving really admirable pictures — copies from art exhibitions, stage scenes and portraits of actresses and society leaders, interiors of fine houses, illustrations of current events, automobile and sporting pictures, and a page of not too extravagant humorous cuts. There are two magazine sections of eight pages each: one presenting illustrated articles, descriptive, personal, dramatic, and local, with a final page of cartoons on current events; and the other devoted to music, art, drama, society, and fashions. There is an eight-page business section devoted to real estate and financial and commercial matters, an eight-page section of stock quotations, and a twelve-page editorial and news section. The third type of paper, found in cities of 50,000 to 100,000 peo-

ple, has no dealings with the syndicates; eschews colored supplements and startling illustrations; and furnishes sixteen or twenty pages of original material of the best quality: a good literary department, one or two short stories, a well-written editorial page, general news attractively presented, and, *mirabile dictu*, a department of religious news and discussion. The whole product is dignified and well-considered.

What influence does the Sunday newspaper exert upon American life and thought? For one thing, it undoubtedly promotes the increasing secularization of Sunday. The natural man is inclined to sleep late on Sunday, and by the time that he has completed his toilet and his breakfast, the church bells are ringing. Will he heed their call? Perhaps. But there on his doorstep lies the Sunday paper, with its flaunting comic supplement and its fifty to one hundred pages of miscellaneous material. It offers itself with jaunty assurance as a substitute for church-going. It prints a picture of the ideal American family—the father tilted back in his chair, reading the news or the stock-market report; the mother absorbed in the fashions and bargain sales; the older children busy with the fiction, society gossip, theatrical news, and answers to correspondents, and the little boy or girl revelling in the comic supplement, puzzle page, or "cut-out" inset from which, with the aid of a pair of scissors, can be evolved ingenious cardboard constructions, squads of soldiers, or hideous masks. The picture is not exaggerated. It might be reproduced photographically in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Its counterpart may be seen in remote villages as well as in the cities and larger towns. A family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupation. It is fit for nothing but amusement or sheer idleness. In some sections of the country a base-ball game offers itself for the afternoon, and the theatre—possibly under the guise of a "sacred concert" out of deference to some obsolete statute—for the evening. Or, in sections where the restraints of law or decorum forbid such diversions, social visiting employs what energy remains. It is not surprising that religious conventions discuss the problem of the "evening service," and that many churches solve it by giving up the service altogether, and others by arranging special musical attractions and announcing sermons on topics calculated to pique curiosity. American preachers who are charged with sensationalism are not so blameworthy as they seem. They are engaged in a desperate competition. To a man who wants to preach to full seats the first essential is to catch his congregation. He cannot offer comic supplements or portraits of stage beauties, and he has no prize coupons to distribute, but he may do something by advertising sensational subjects. So the pulpit competes after its fashion with the Sunday newspaper by such topics as these: "The New Woman," "Popular Vices," "Missing His Chance," "Prize Winners," etc.

If the sensationalism of the American pulpit, especially in the cities, is deplored, it should be borne in mind that it has great provocation; and, moreover, that however grotesque the subject announced, the preacher, having got his congregation, does often contrive to convey to it wholesome and practical counsel on morals and even on religion. The beguiling title covers a serious and helpful purpose, and if some of the preacher's auditors have a vague sense that the sermon is not exactly what they expected, they may nevertheless get some good from it, in spite of themselves.

The influence of the Sunday newspaper in dissipating intellectual energy and lowering standards of taste in art and literature is not easily measured. In these respects it works along the same lines as the indefinitely-multiplied ten-cent magazines which strew the counters of the news stands. But it reaches a lower level and achieves a wider circulation. The typical American is a more omnivorous reader than any other national type. He leaves behind him in the street-cars and railroad trains a trail of discarded papers and magazines with which he has beguiled his journey. It is a pity that, for his one leisure day of the week, he should find nothing better than what is provided for him by the average Sunday newspaper. And it is deplorable to think of the children in American homes turned loose among the tawdry attractions of these publications.

Yet, with all its faults, it is a matter for congratulation that the Sunday newspaper is very rarely immoral. It may be inane, trivial, flippant, but it is usually morally innocuous. Its aim is to please, divert and entertain the widest possible constituency, and it does not care to provoke criticism by offences against decency. Its moderation in this direction is just occasion for gratitude.

Frank Foxcroft.

Boston, U.S.A.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

FIRE-FISHING.

BY "BEN KENDIM."

It has been said, more or less truthfully, that the nearest road to the knowledge of an Englishman of a certain class is Sport. In the same way a real comprehension of the Italian peasant can only be achieved by entering into the gaining of his livelihood. There are many ways, with perhaps not much to choose between them, of doing this. The North Italian is not an idle man, much as he occasionally enjoys loafing, and his heart is wholly in his work. The foreigner whose desire lies in that direction can learn much of the character of the Ligurian if he helps to shake the olives down, or deigns to assist the women in the far more arduous task of picking them up. The theory may seem far-fetched, but the very scenery alters, to become more delightful, with a knowledge of the people. Artists are usually the quickest to gain the sympathy of the peasant. There are many things less desirable than on a still autumn evening to watch from the crest of a hill the light fading gradually, terrace by terrace, till the last bronze of the afterglow is lost below the gray of the olives in a quiet sea, while the final quiver of light passes to darkness, and silence takes the place of the dry rattle of the canes that shakes the olives down. The women balance baskets on the red handkerchiefs that bind their hair, and melt into the dusk by torrent-ways or steps up the hillsides that the ages have turned to every angle; while the lords of creation, free from any burden, cheer their way with a high-sung patois ballad. There are other occupations, too, less pleasant than lending the hand of an amateur at the golden end of summer to the harvest of the vintage. Often the path that leads to the vineyard threads a pine-wood, fitting its line to the lip of the cliff till it seems the merest accidental shadow on a precipice. The land that holds the vines

may be no more than a few square yards of earth that plaster a projecting rock. To a stranger, at any rate, the heat and labor of the work is paid for by the surroundings. Below the eyrie, where the grapes are nursed, perhaps two hundred feet below, the sea is a rival of the sky in a duel of absolute blueness; the scent of the wild lavender and thyme, crushed by bare feet on the rocky path, is mixed with the hot smell of the pines, that feeds violence of spirit and body. Perhaps the only visible cloud is a column of smoke rising straight into the air from some contadino's cottage. In this work there is heat and sweat, much laughter and an infinity of color. The life of the maritime Italian may be hard, but he finds a relief in a philosophy drawn in strong draughts from the sunlight, in an absence of all acrimony, and in moods as varying but as vital as his own climate.

If a traveller is anxious to tread outside the beaten road, and to see something of the real life of the people, he can hardly do better than to make a fisherman his friend and join in the *pesca al fügo*, as the Genoese call fire-fishing. Here he will see a serious way of earning bread, and combine it with a sport not easily surpassed in picturesqueness. Zest is lent to this industry, if such it can be called, by the uncertainty that attends it. The work goes for something, the wood for the fire again means trouble to collect or money to buy oil to give the water an artificial calmness, and, perhaps not the least part of the price to an Italian peasant, sleep. If you put the question to an Italian, as I have often done, he will answer, "Eh per la pesca basta prendere dei pesci!" (It's enough to catch fish!) but he will go on to explain that while the fire-fishing gives the most incident, it requires more cost.

The essentials and preliminaries are easy to describe. The night must be dark and the sea quiet—so quiet that a hundred feet above the water the lapping of the waves is barely heard. In the boat, which is slouching and heavily built, meant as she is for the conveyance of German tourists in the day-time, is fixed a strong iron cage. This framework projects beyond the bows and supports the resinous pine-wood, which burns fiercely if there is the slightest breath of air; while directly behind it the *fiociniere* takes his stand, armed with a formidable harpoon, varying from about ten to twelve feet in length. When all is ready, the *gussu* or boat draws slowly away from the quay, rowed in accordance with instructions delivered in an inharmonious monotone of patois—*aranca* (row hard), *chaning owa* (now gently), *arezi di feuia* (go outside), *drento dal scheuigio* (among the rocks), —or with tremendous excitement and a greater hiss than the oar makes in the water, *Sshiiya shiya* (backwater). This jargon is not taught in the Berlitz school, and is indeed odious to Italians. It is perhaps as well to warn the foreigner that unless Genoese comes naturally to him, as the first form of Italian which he has learnt, he had much better not attempt it. A Cockney grocer could hardly be less tepid to a candidate for the L.C.C. who accosted him with a cordial "Hare you feeling 'arty to-day?" than a Genoese to a foreigner who chose this manner of ingratiation. Except in the remote places of the hills, where nothing but the dialect is talked, the language of the grammars is best. The Italians generally are not competitive. They will teach the foreigner to bind the vine, to shorten sail, to pull in the nets, but, as in the case of the writer, the incompetent with the harpoon had best resign himself to watch, applaud, and provide the workers with cigarettes. By these means he may attain at any

rate a temporary popularity. For though the fire-fisher will make his commission out of the *forestiere* on his wood, time, and labor, his craft is sacred, and affection even more than money is required to make him resign his strike to a bungler.

As the boat moves across the water to its destination among the rocks, the dark sea foams into light, and a shining line on the right and on the left of the bows merges into one dim radiance behind the stern. Generally it is the shallows below the cliffs that are explored, and if you turn your face towards the helm (which is not used) and your back to the bonfire, the only points of light in the world are where a few steady stars find their way through a break in the pine branches, or the uncertain sparkle of phosphorescent ripples.

No one, I think, ever forgets his first impressions of this sport, and though a detailed description is difficult, I will attempt a rough sketch. The first effect is dazzling, and eyes that are half blinded by the flaring crimson in the end of the boat fail at the beginning to penetrate the green stillness of the water. Then gradually, as one's sight becomes accustomed to new conditions, curious sea creatures appear below the ripple and refraction of the near surface and stare up from the chasms of the rocks or from the indeterminate twilight, where pine-torch and shifting seaweed struggle for mastery. Fish seem to lie like shadows congealed between two uncertainties—almost, one would say, a part of the darkness of some fissure, detached, and thrown up tentatively towards the inquisitive fire. Before the dim shapelessness has time to melt in the depths, or to become more definite, the harpooner proves the reality of the hanging shadow. There is a splash as the spear with its ten teeth drives down to the fish, and a thread of light rises from every prong. With the same suddenness the spear returns through a turmoil of the waters; dripping phosphorus answers the phosphorus of the sea, and a sickly illumination, which drowns the reflection of the stars, marks the place of the blow. A burst of execration or jubilant voices proclaim the failure or success of the strike. The dark Italian faces, sombre in the firelight, are intent upon their business, and eager eyes read the quiet water as a scholar reads a page. The brunt of the work and responsibility falls upon the spearsman in the bows, for other duties besides that of striking devolve on him. His hand must be quick with the oil-can, to soothe the ripple at the moment of its birth back to a perfect transparency, while his eyes are not only strained in a perpetual examination of the sea, but meet the continual glare of the light, which on the open water and in a faint breeze sometimes breaks into a cloud of sparks that make a halo round his head.

Hugging the rocks is not, however, or at certain seasons may not be, the whole work of the night: sometimes fishing in the open is possible. Amusement here, if any is to be had, is of a more boisterous kind. The object is a species of eel which I can only call by the Genoese name of "aguing." The boat is rowed fast with the strength that two men can put into pushing the oars. Occasionally, if one is in luck, lithe creatures, varying from eight to eighteen inches, flash like a sword thrust into the light. These "aguing" are worth describing. They resemble eels more than any other fish, but are distinguished by a fairly long beak, like that of a bird, and, when cooked, green bones. In the estimation of the fisherman they are "fing," of delicate flesh, and a good deal coveted. Their capture requires a very good eye, since they swim furiously, plunging sud-

denly into visibility, and then, with a wake of phosphorus, shooting back into the night. More than any other fish, except perhaps their antitype the sluggish octopus, they are attracted by the light, which the fishermen say they mistake for "the early light of heaven" —*i.e.*, the rising moon. Their fury for the light is so great that I have known them to jump into the boat. Business gives way to pure sport in this form of fishing, and the scene is as vivid as anything one could well wish to see. The amateur is patronizingly given a hand-net and a back seat, but the expert, with sparks that volley round his head as the wood crackles with the rush of the boat, and oaths as sonorous and regular as the beat of the Mediterranean, drives his harpoon a couple of feet ahead of every flash in the sea. Here a successful stroke is a great achievement. Voices are raised, eyes and teeth flash in the bronzed faces under the firelight, and the harpooner congratulates himself with a vanity as naïve as that of a child. The other side to this picture, and it is a side which is by no means rare, is less cheerful. If no eels or sardines appear, a thousand reasons for their absence are given, not one of which dispels the gloom. The strenuous climate makes a strenuous fishing, and I lack the courage to transcribe the words I have heard used as a welcome to one small sardine which constituted the sole result of an hour's *pesca*. On these occasions the fate of a little fish is often dramatic, since with objurgations and sea-water for its sauce it is eaten raw by the aggravated fisherman.

The least practised because least lucrative form of fire-fishing is the most picturesque: its "game" is the disgusting octopus, and its *mise en scène* a cavern where a boat cannot penetrate. It is usually found in the shallows of the rocks, and cannot resist the spell of the light. One must frankly admit that the capture of one of the beasts is a revolting incident in an enchanting night. The "polpo" (an onomatopoetic word if ever there was one) is a cheap and common food in maritime Italy. In a village which I have in mind I knew an ancient man who had the audacity to set up an hotel whose menu consisted entirely of octopus. His excuse was that he was deaf and dumb, and also probably a little mad, though from his other deficiencies the degree of this last failing was not easily arrived at. His occupation was simple in the extreme, and consisted only in paddling round the rocks with a red rag in tow. This color attracts the octopus, which, once it has seized upon an object, never willingly relinquishes it. Who, I once asked another fisherman, ever goes to that hotel, and why? "Eh poveretto ci vanno per carita," he said. (Poor man, they go for the sake of charity.) Charity in this form, however, had its limits, and the mute was obliged to give up his experiment. The life of this man's brother is an instance of the kindness of Italians generally and of individual wrong-headedness. This peasant lived fourteen years as an outlaw in the mountain to escape his military service. During this period he was kept by the contadini, his hiding-place was never betrayed, and every now and then, when it was certain that the carabinieri would not be present, he attended a festa. This is, however, a digression.

One's first experience in fire-fishing is not improved by the capture of totano or polpo, or even sepia, which squirts ink on everything in its vicinity. In the clean water itself the octopus is a pink indecency, and, if struck, comes an abominable writhing nakedness into the boat. The subsequent career of the animal is kind in its quickness and simplicity, but most

unsavory, and better left free from investigation. The real home of these fish is the cave. Ridiculous as it may appear, even in the day-time there is something almost gruesome in leaving the sunshine and penetrating to a place that seems a dim autochthony of shadows. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived than that which exists between the exhilaration of the violent outer air where perhaps one has been perspiring at an oar, and the dank lifelessness of the vault. The blaze and revel of the sea are exchanged for an illumination, pale as a disease, that haunts the sides and angles of the cavern; and the shade, so welcome on the mountain against the strong sun, is very different to the moist darkness of the "caü." It is a pleasure all the afternoon to listen to the whisper of the wind among the pine-trees, but the lisp of stagnant waters intruding into the hollow places of the earth becomes sickening in five minutes. Yet the ante-chambers are delightful. Clear pools, enamelled with coralline and shells, shine tranquilly among the rocks. Here, though naturally there is none of the exuberance of the ocean, the sea-water is not entirely starved of life by the barrier of stone, but keeps and wears its memory. Above the anemones that splash these pools with red, the water looks like air, faintly colored and made visible, while at intervals the quiver of some outer current sends an influence of light flickering up the rocks. It is only beyond the first or second arch, where day is utterly extinguished and the space about one becomes a hall of audience for shadows, that the place grows horrible. Pallid colors, like the dreams of a madman, creep through a shuddering twilight up rocks whose gauntness is scarred with red lichen, lurid above and sallow below by the margin of the water, where the stones are slimy with the stagnation of ages. The only sound is the stale wash that sucks at the lip of the boulders in distant corners. The pine-torch may show some remnant of life in scarlet sea-fruit, glowing like a bloated rose just under a greasy film of foam, or clinging like Dead Sea apples at its edge. This description is, however, hardly alluring, and I prefer to encourage the persevering reader with other sides of the picture.

Not the least interesting part of the sport is the conversation of the natives, for the Italian of the rural districts combines a picturesqueness of diction and a *bonne camaraderie* that are not easily rivalled. Everything in heaven or on earth is at once and fluently accounted for by a reason; but to the searcher after knowledge, the reason itself often requires a long explanation. For instance, when the sport has been unusually bad, I have heard the Church acrimoniously attacked, and traced the origin of the venom to a supposed *scomunica* (excommunication), unquestionably the result of a meeting on the quay with the parish priest! The weather prophet is every man's trade where life depends in any form upon the sea, and if the pupil is willing, there are always many masters ready to teach him infallible ways of predicting storm or sunshine. If, for instance, the dolphins go northwards, good weather is certain, but if their way is to the east, wind may be expected. The dolphins go to the south and west for the inadequate reason that it is merely "the will of the beast." And the old fishermen will sometimes speak of the ancient superstition that says these creatures when they die change to all the colors of the rainbow.

Two odd facts which one would not be likely to credit if they had not been often proved, concern a fish known locally as the bajella, and the octopus.

The first, for a fish, exhibits an astonishing originality of which the Genoese seem proud. It has the habit of leaving the water and lying on the rocks some inches above its level—not by accident, as so often happens with other fishes, but on purpose: after a certain time it returns to its own element. The octopus, however, is supposed occasionally to surpass this feat, since it leaves the water in search of prey! I have never seen either of these eccentricities of sea-life, but that both occur is certain. The octopus can live a long time, without apparent discomfort, out of water, and is able to climb with his tentacles, so that the erratic behavior above described is not as startling as it at first appears.

Other fish that are frequently taken are sardines (*lupo di mare*, supposed to be the best of Mediterranean creatures) and conger eels, which last are an unpleasant catch for those who follow the sport for the sake of the scenery. Of all the results of this fishing there is none more beautiful than the small *mincia del re* (plate of the king)—a tiny creature that looks like a filigree of green, gold, and silver, and seems to emulate every color of the rainbow.

To achieve popularity amongst the fishermen, it is almost essential occasionally to show, however little one may feel it, an intense excitement. Good and cheering though his intentions might be, an Englishman would be convicted of the worst kind of bad faith if on a blank drizzling day he "viewed" an imaginary fox as a tonic for a depressed field. This deception is practised openly, and with what amounts to public approval, by the best *flociniere* whom I know. An Italian must have his audience and his emotion; and though this particular man has fished all his life with his brothers, he cannot be engaged in his trade for half an hour without a sensation. Although the same farce has been played for many nights in the year, his family respond—not from a sense of loyalty, or even deceiving itself, but because the South is attracted by any form of enthusiasm whatever its origin may be. When the long call of a peasant on his homeward road comes down from the pines above the cliff—"A-a pijau-u?" (Have you taken?)—it is the recognized orator of the crew who answers, often so exuberantly that one fails to connect his reply with the unspiriting night one has just passed.

There are other aspects of this form of winning bread that have an equal charm, but on which space does not allow me to dwell. With the final cigarette during the row home, the chorus of good wishes at the end, with fire-flies dancing round one, and the continual accompaniment of the incense of the night, I will leave fire-fishing for another form of the same sport.

The maritime village of North Italy lives as much by its fishing as by the vineyard or the oliveyard; and though the harvest of the sea is most appreciated by firelight, other ways by which tribute is taken from it have also their interest. If a stranger wishes to see "occhiate" (so-called from the marking of their scales, those with eyes) caught, he must have a fairly good head and india-rubber shoes.

Climbing is a serious part of the fisherman's life, though not one that he takes into account as the Alpine guide. The rocks are his ladder to the fish, and on them he seems almost in a different element. From childhood upwards, by force of circumstances, the rocks are his friends; and generally, by the touch of the cliff, an Italian can tell its quality—where the puddingstone is rotten (*marcio*), and where the handholds that the wind and mordant salt have worn are reliable. The

peasant, with a fishing-rod and a bucket of bait, swinging his way down a precipice apparently perpendicular, though often easy to descend from its great roughness, is a fine sight, though not to be compared with the grace and ease of a native on his mettle and who has served his time in the navy. To some of these people equilibrium seems a sixth sense, and the perpendicular an unconsidered incident in their progress. The Japanese in their wrestling, as the ancient Persians in their equestrianism, believe that the intellect of strength lies in acquiescing in, rather than resisting, other forces; and the Ligurian is apparently of the same mind. There seems almost a give and take between man and stone, a communion that forces into existence a way where before there was nothing but naked sheerness. Though he is working with his whole body from his hands to his bare feet, there is no obvious strain or effort on the climber's part. His anatomy lends itself to the rock, and every muscle of his body seems to indulge each curve and slab of stone, which in their turn give an incomprehensible support.

Though no native of these parts would think of calling himself a guide, the risks they are ready to incur in conducting foreigners are not light, and their energy and loyalty are unbounded. Once, it is true, I remember an instance when a foreigner was standing precariously upon the back of a native, on a ledge barely big enough to give him security: the shelf to be climbed projected rather outwards, and a failure to achieve it led to a drop which meant the end. The Englishman, not unnaturally, was anxious, and, standing on the Italian's shoulders, postponed the evil moment. The latter finally asked me to translate this lugubrious sentence to the signore: "It is better for one to die than two. If you cannot go up, I will say good-bye and climb down," which, as a goad, was perfectly successful. But another case is more typical of the behavior of the Ligurian under difficulties. A friend of mine, with nerves that were inadequate to the occasion, in climbing a cliff, contrived so badly that he had to rely on a slightly jutting rock for the support of one knee, and for sole hand-hold the ankle of an Italian above him. The Ligurian, his own strength nearly exhausted, said simply, "I can hold on for one more minute; after that we shall fall." Yet in climbing, as in other things, the Italian is not made of unalloyed gold. He will take risks without thinking, as an Englishman would not; but if his little finger is broken, "guai al mondo," woe to the world, and the scene of his misadventure echoes with loud complaints of his pain and disappointment.

The Italian, however, climbs with a definite object, as has been said, to fish, and the "occhiate" can only be reasonably looked for in certain weather. In stormy weather they are most easily caught. They may be tempted with different bait,—pills of bread upon the hook, or the floating nautilus which occasionally makes the sea purple, called by the Italians "barchetta di san Pietro," or in the dialect "rusu."

In rough weather the "occhiate" come to the shore for shelter, and in the broken water of the rocks take the bait. The best position is usually one that lies behind a buttress of the cliff, which affords a measure of protection against the full assault of the storm. The strength of the wave is broken upon the surface outside, and the tongues of foam which penetrate into these passages sufficiently obscure the water. Many, the writer included, lack the necessary patience for this pursuit, but pass their time happily, if unprofitably, in watching the storm.

A curious fascination grows so constantly, that after a few minutes it is difficult to tear oneself away. The sea is perhaps most magnificent at sunset, when every reverberation of its thunder on the cliff is accompanied with a glory of colored spray. There are some places where, by taking advantage of a column of rock that leans outward from the face of the mountain, one can safely descend to the level of the water. From such an asylum one can see a wall of blue sea, embroidered with bubbles of light like tiny stars, surge and crash against the wall of stone, whose touch turns the blue to white. The strength of the wave that seemed a tower of blue is suddenly changed to a passion of snow that flashes up to absorb all the redness of the sunset, and from pinnacles and arches of light which are bridged by rainbows, falls back into a cauldron of hissing sea, adding another note to the music of its echoes. So till the sunset fades, one can watch blue, reincarnated in silver, and silver conquered by gold, through a veil of spray that looks like a shower of jewels. Those who care to try the experiment by making friends with Ligurian fishermen will find that the old proverb, which says of the country and the people, "Mare senza pesci, donne senza vergogna, uomini senza fede," is at any rate not wholly true.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

VI.

COLIN TAKES TO CLIMBING.

For the first two years after Colin Stewart went to school he played the part of a small Ishmael—his hand was against every boy, and every boy's hand was against him. He had a temper that blazed like dry tinder when he was roused, and the big boys took pleasure in rousing him. It was greatly against him that he, a little mere Grecian, should have set himself up against following his side in the school, and as the reason of his refusal was never known to the children, they took pains to make him feel how lonely was the path of independence. Colin, on his part, was too proud to conciliate them. If they would have none of him he would have none of them, and at the play-hour, rather than stand about while they played, he ran into the fir wood and did not return till Mr. Corbett, the schoolmaster, rang the school bell. From his vantage-ground high on the hill he watched them, and heard their shouts of laughter with hot anger and something in his throat that hurt. When he was big he would fight every one of them. In his hours in the wood he became a great climber. The hill was very rocky, steep bare precipices stood up among the firs, and he went up them like a cat. There was not a tree in the wood near the school that he had not climbed at last. Yet little, solitary, wild man of the woods as he became, his heart hungered at times for his kind. He would have given a great deal to be able to go out and join in the games with the rest, and when Cathal Campbell left the school and Andy M'Rae became leader of the Carran and Achbrea side, he itched to join in the mimic warfare.

"If they would ask me once I would go," he said to himself, and felt it sore that they did not ask him. It was the

girls who routed him out of the wood at last. They came gathering primroses in spring, and when he saw them he fled. They caught glimpses of him behind trees or rocks, and then he was gone, and they shouted with laughter and gave chase to him, and, perhaps, saw him next looking down at them from the top of a fir-tree swaying in the wind, or at such a height on a rock that they screamed to see him.

Barabel Grant, Angus Bard's lost child, who had been adopted by old William the Catechist and his wife Eppie, would sometimes try to go after him, for she had a daring that was far more reckless than Colin's, and sometimes the big girls would have to hold her by main force to prevent her attempting the impossible. It became the daily play among the lassies to hunt in the wood for Colin Stewart, and the boy became shy and ashamed, and would not go into it any more. He stayed in the place near the school where the boys played, and had occasion to exercise his fists very often.

Before Colin was twelve he had fought his way into a certain respect in the school, though not into its favor. Yet those whom he had beaten in fair fight bore him no ill-will, and only a few big fellows, who came to school in winter, dared to meddle with him. He was more or less an Ishmael still, but an Ishmael who was to be feared. By this time, too, Mr. Corbett had begun to remark in private that Allan Stewart's son would make a scholar. He was a small, queer, eccentric man, so nervous that only a country place like Boronach would suit him, so brilliant a teacher that his gifts were all but thrown away in it. He had a sharp tongue, and it was his way to goad the boys to work by the use of it. The cleverer a child was the more goading he or she got, and the children dreaded Mr. Corbett's ridicule and irony a hundred times more than his birch rod, which was stinging enough. He rarely spoke a word of praise, for the better the work the more spur he gave the worker, and praise to his mind was no spur at all. Colin got plenty goading and spurring, so much that only sheer love of his books could have made school endurable to him, but one day he got a piece of praise he relished greatly, though it put him further into the black books of the scholars.

There was a good deal of lying and deceit among the children, and little Jimmie M'Rae, a brother of Andy's, being caught one day in a plain untruth, Mr. Corbett took the occasion to give his mind to the school on the subject. He walked up and down as his custom was when he was angry or excited, his cane in his hand, his little, shaggy, gray head poked forward.

"Little liars every one of you," he said. "Do you know what will become of you? Ask Mr. Rory. It would ill become me to take the place of a minister, but I grue to think of it. What name have you?" he asked, stopping in his walk opposite the culprit, and poking him with his stick. The boy hung his head. "Do you speak the truth?" roared Mr. Corbett.

"Yes, sir," the boy answered, beginning to blubber.

The schoolmaster brought his cane down with a great whack on the seat. "What!" he cried, "say it again."

"I—I speak it sometimes," stammered the unfortunate Jimmie.

Mr. Corbett looked round on the scholars. "What do you call a boy that speaks the truth sometimes?" he asked of them. There was silence, and Mr. Corbett put the answer on the blackboard.

"What are you now?" he shouted. Jimmie M'Rae began to cry outright.

"A—a liar, sir."

"Humph!" the schoolmaster cooled down of a sudden, and he laughed

ironically—"I see you were right," he said, "you speak the truth sometimes." There was a little titter in the school, and he turned on the children.

"I would not take the word of one of you," he said, "except Colin Stewart."

Colin grew scarlet. He had never before had a good word from Mr. Corbett. The schoolmaster continued his pacing. "Blood tells somewhere," he muttered to himself. "Ay! it tells at the lowest."

Perhaps because a good word was so rare a thing to Colin, this one of the schoolmaster's sank deep in his mind. He was conscious of some slight kindness between himself and Mr. Corbett, and would willingly have increased it if he could. By nature honest, he became proud of speaking the truth and keeping his word, the more so that he discovered it to be a gentlemanly virtue, for about this time he began to give heed to certain tales of the grandmother's and to brood in a new way over the fact that he was a grandson of Mr. Alexander. Ambition began to stir in him in more ways than one. Unpopular as he was, it began to be tacitly acknowledged that he was the best runner and jumper and climber in the school, and sometimes when he went up a very high tree or scaled a dangerous precipice a little knot of scholars would gather below to watch, and the involuntary murmur of admiration or wonder that came from them went to the boy's head like wine.

About the same time a wealthy gentleman offered two bursaries to be competed for among the schools of the county: one for boys under thirteen and the other for boys under fifteen, and both of the value of ten pounds for two years. Mr. Corbett had but a loutish set of scholars at the time, and he announced he would present but one boy for the competition, and that boy would be Colin Stewart. Colin was elated. He was nearly thirteen, and, as the grandmother was beginning to fail, he had made up his mind that he must leave school after the summer examination. If he succeeded in getting the bursary, however, he might be able to hire help and to remain two years longer at his books.

Alack, as ill-luck would have it, only a few weeks before the bursary was to be competed for the old woman became very ill with erysipelas, or "the rose" as it is called in Boronach. Colin was obliged to stay at home and nurse her, and Mr. Corbett was so enraged that every day he would make scoffing remarks about the boy to the school children, laughing at him and belittling him as was his habit when he was displeased.

On the first day the grandmother was able to be up and sit by the fireside Colin returned to school. It was a Friday, and the summer examination was to be held on the following Monday, the bursary competition on the Tuesday. Mr. Corbett gave him a queer look.

"To what are we indebted for the honor of this visit from you, Mr. Stewart?" said he.

Colin said nothing, for he knew the mood the schoolmaster was in.

"I wonder a scholar like yourself would condescend to my poor tuition," he went on. "I hear you have been taking lessons from your distinguished grandmother."

Colin colored hotly. There were times when Mr. Corbett was hardly to be endured. None knew better the cause of his absence than he did.

"Well, sir," he continued, "I'll be proud to see the result on Tuesday. I daresay it will surprise yourself!"

He took no more notice of the boy, and at the play-hour Colin was very near going home, in despair of making anything of the competition. His keen

desire to take what small chance of it there might be overcame the impulse, however, and he passed the time studying his Latin book on a brae-side. Most of the boys were trying feats of climbing in the trees and rocks near at hand, there being such a desire among them to equal Colin Stewart in the art that this form of amusement had become a perfect mania among them that summer. Mr. Corbett chanced to take note of some of them when he came to the door, and he spoke about it when school was resumed again.

"I will thank you to give up this form of sport for the next few days," he said. "Your lives are of some slight importance to myself till after the examination."

He turned to Colin for the first time since the morning. "Have I your word that you will keep clear of it?" he asked.

Colin gave it, his spirits rising to see that the scholmaster had still an interest in the competition.

When school was out Colin went, against his custom, in the Boronach direction, for there was something to get from the shop for his grandmother. The school was built at the end of the loch where the river ran out, and was but a short distance from the village, so that the boy was not long in returning after doing his errand. He met the scholars still straggling slowly homewards, and at the foot of the Black Rock, a high rugged precipice just out of sight of the school on the Boronach side, he found a number of children standing. This rock was the scene of Colin's greatest triumph. It was very high and almost perpendicular, and had been supposed to be entirely inaccessible until he had climbed to a holly-tree, which grew out of a cleft in the stone, at a height of about one hundred feet. He had privately resolved not to make the attempt again, for the hollow or runnel up which he had gone was coated here and there with a shiny green moss which made climbing treacherous. Several times during his descent he had felt himself to be in danger. As Colin came up one of the boys was pointing out this runnel to Barabel Grant, whose daring was one of the jests of the school.

"You couldn't go up there, Barabel," said he laughing.

"Do you dare me?" asked the little girl, shaking back her curls.

"I dare you," he replied.

Barabel darted off the road and sprang to a foothold in the rock. "I'll go up," she cried back,—"I'll go up."

The children called out in terror, beseeching her not to attempt such madness, but she gave no heed, and thrusting her little bare feet into crevices of the stone she climbed to a ledge about six feet up. There she stood laughing mischievously. "It's nothing much of of a climb," she said, "though Colin Stewart makes such a fuss about it."

The children, boys and girls, began imploring her to come down. They were really alarmed, for Barabel's daring was entirely without discretion, and there was no saying what folly she might attempt. She was a great favorite in the school, and since she had been left behind the night the ship sailed had been a sort of pet among the Boronach people. She was pretty, with tangled curls, sparkling eyes, and smiling lips, but it was her fun and mischief and original daring ways that made her popular with the children.

"Come down out of that, Barabel Grant!" said Colin, halting below the rock in alarm.

"Who gave you leave to order me, Colin Stewart?" returned the little girl loftily. "I am not coming down. I am going up."

"Come down, come down," cried the

children. "You will be killed as sure as you live if you go up."

"Barabel," said Colin earnestly, "I have been up, and it is very dangerous. There is no rock in the place so dangerous. If you try to go up you will be killed."

Barabel laughed again, and peeling the moss from the rock began pelting him with it. "You want to have all the honor of going up it," she said, making a little face, "but you won't have it after this. I said I would go, and I am going. I must keep my word." And she imitated Mr. Corbett's voice so exactly that the children laughed.

The next moment they sobered, for Barabel was as obstinate as a mule when she took a thing into her head. Colin was more alarmed than the others, for he knew the danger better and he also felt that it was owing to him that the whole thing had started. He took a step forward, and the little girl bridled at once.

"If you come a step after me," she said warningly, "I'll go up running."

The boy stopped at a loss, for she was as nimble as a cat, and now the little imp looked down with delight at the scared faces below her.

"I'm slow to break my word," she said, with a little gurgle of laughter, her eyes dancing, "but if Colin Stewart will go up again to the tree, I'll come down."

Colin's face darkened. "I'll do nothing of the kind," he said indignantly, remembering his promise to Mr. Corbett.

"Please yourself," said Barabel carelessly, and putting her foot into the next crevice in the rock she began climbing, looking back and laughing as if there was no danger in the world.

Some of the girls began to cry. "Can you not go after her?" they said to Colin. "Is it Mr. Corbett you're frightened of?"

Colin stood without moving, yet he knew that the girl could no more climb the rock than she could fly. Barabel looked back, and the very spirit of naughtiness seemed to be in her.

"I wouldn't take the word of any one of you but Colin Stewart," she cried down, in the very tone of the schoolmaster. The boy set his teeth, and he could have shaken her.

"Come down," he cried, "and if nothing but such foolery will do you, I'll go up."

The little girl stopped climbing at once. "Will you promise to go up if I come down?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes, I promise," answered the boy shortly, and down she came, slipping and sliding, and by a sort of miracle getting unhurt to the ground.

Colin set off climbing in a great rage of annoyance at the foolish position into which he had been put by the impish freak of a bad child. The thought that he was breaking his word to Mr. Corbett rankled, and he was in no humor for the climb. He went up to a giddy height, the children watching breathlessly, for only one or two of the boys had witnessed the feat when it was performed before. At first they watched eagerly, but after a time the danger of the thing began to dawn on them, and they got frightened to think what would happen if he slipped.

Colin went very slowly, and cautiously, clinging like a cat to the rock wall, thrusting his bare feet into interstices from which ivy and ferns grew out; clearing away with one hand patches of oozy green moss, lest it should betray him on his descent, pressing his knees to the stone and drawing himself up by pieces of the rock that gave a firm grip to his hands. Barabel's face grew more and more sober as the climber went higher and higher. A little below the holly-bush the precipice seemed to those below to bulge slightly outwards, and when the boy clung on there,—a sheer fall of a

hundred feet below him and all eternity below that,—she turned her back on the rock all white and scared and guilty-looking, and, huddling herself into a heap on the road, put her hands over her eyes.

There was a dead silence when Colin was coming down, and it was not until he reached the place where Barabel had stopped climbing that tongues were loosened and the little girl sprang up and added her voice to the rest. It may be that Colin grew careless when the sound proclaimed him near safety, for he suddenly lost his hold and came down headlong into the ditch beside the road, striking on a stone as he fell. The children gave a great roar, crying out that he was killed, and as they clustered about him he looked ghastly enough, lying senseless with his head hanging back into a pool and blood reddening the water. There was never so much solicitude for Colin Stewart among Boronach scholars as there was in the next few minutes, or so much relief on his account as when he opened his eyes.

The boy became gradually aware of the clamor and crying that was going on, and tried in a dazed way to get up. His left leg was broken, however, and he could not move, and just as he had discovered this he saw Mr. Corbett come round the end of the rock. One of the children had run for him, and Barabel was away like the wind for the doctor to Boronach. The schoolmaster came along crying out to know if the boy was killed, and when he saw Colin sitting up in the ditch saying in a shamefaced way that there was nothing wrong but he thought a broken leg, the master's fear turned to a rage that he could not suppress, and he stood glaring down at the boy and fairly shaking with it.

"Well!" he said, "well! It seems you are a youth of lofty aspirations, Colin Stewart." He laughed disagreeably. "It seems nothing would do for you but the top of the Black Rock. The bursary was beneath your consideration."

Poor Colin winced, for the little man's venom pierced his half-dazed senses.

"Well," he went on in sheer cruelty, "every one to his taste. It may be some consolation to you when you're nursing your leg to know I had small doubt of your gaining it."

He might have gone on tormenting the boy indefinitely had not some men who had been warned of the accident appeared with an old barn-door, and Colin was taken home on it. So there was an end for him of the bursary competition.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE GOTHIC RACE.

There is a distinction in architecture more profound than the distinction of style. All styles may themselves be collected into two groups, according as they interpret human life or the laws of art. And this difference of spirit goes deeper than difference of form. For instance, the main distinction between Greek and Gothic is not so much that the Greek uses the lintel and Gothic the pointed arch, as that the Greek architects worked with their attention fixed on certain absolute æsthetic laws, and made it their sole endeavor to discipline and control their subject in accordance with those laws, whereas the Goths were bent on one thing only, namely, on flinging them-

selves, their whole lives, everything they feared and loved and hated, their trades and sports and pastimes, all natural forms which attracted their fancy, and every whim, grotesque and sublime, which flashed across their minds into the stone that shot up and developed under their hands. This difference, I say, goes deeper than the choice of structural forms, and can assert itself independently of such forms. It is quite possible to use Gothic forms in the critical and discriminating Greek manner; not employing them unconsciously as an utterance of strong feeling and inward impulse, but arranging them with due regard to artistic effect and in obedience to certain principles of design and proportion. Modern Gothic is indeed essentially of this character, and the fact that its reasoning is all guess-work does not cancel the fact that it does reason, that it sets itself to its task under no uncontrollable impulse which strikes out forms that suit it, as birds build nests, but in a mood of deliberate analysis and reflection. On the other hand, although such buildings as the old Nile temples are Greek in the forms they employ, yet I imagine no one can wander about among the courts of the Temples of Karnak and Luxor without being sensible that the spirit inhabiting here is infinitely removed from the Greek spirit and much more nearly allied to the Gothic. Of any conscious knowledge of the laws of art there is not a trace. These structures are simply spontaneous utterances of life. The childlike dependence of Egypt on its parent river is the ruling motive. The great columns rise out of bulb-shaped calyxes and terminate in huge capitals of lotus or papyrus buds. Slender water plants appear and reappear upon the walls and the cornices are carved into the likeness of beds of reeds. And, under the guardianship of these sacred forms, the decorative details, incised on wall or pillar, illustrate in a thousand familiar scenes the life of the valley. Fishing, hunting, feasting, marrying, burying, ploughing, sowing, reaping, these and a myriad other subjects of the kind in delicate intaglio record the tastes and occupations of the subjects of the Rameses. Is not this, in purpose at least, pure Gothic? If the outward appearance is different, that is because the life and character portrayed were different. Granted, then, that these forms are Greek, not Gothic, yet the spirit that inhabits them is Gothic, not Greek. It is so because the aim it has in view is not to formulate and follow the laws which make for beauty, but simply to express the national life.

Here, then, are two motives in architecture quite distinct: one that calculates every effect and has a definite reason for all it offers and all it withholds, that weighs the questions of unity and balance of composition, the value of smooth spaces and economy of ornament, the clear articulation of every part, and the rigorous elimination of superfluities; the other that obeys an impulse prompting its builders to use architectural forms as a mode of self-expression, their criterion and standard of excellence being, not that this or that arrangement accords with law, but that it embodies their own sensations and that it is an apt expression of their own feelings and emotions. Further, it is evident that the lessons and ideas to be derived by succeeding ages from these two ways of building will be similar in kind to the original creative motives. That is to say, the styles which worked on the basis of knowledge and made it their object to illustrate æsthetic principles will to later ages give out that knowledge, and we shall go to them for instruction in art;

while those which were inspired by human impulses and passions will give out a human interest, and we shall go to them for a closer intimacy with the character of the age and people which produced them.

I think, if we would keep in view this distinction, and especially if we would remember, in treating the spontaneous styles of architecture, that it is a record of life and an interpretation of life which, and which only, we are to seek in them, that these styles might come to possess for us a more direct and intimate historical significance than we have yet credited them with. There have appeared in Europe, since the fall of the Roman Empire, two styles of this character, the Arab and the Gothic. Lately, in an article in this *Review*,[1] I attempted to distinguish some of the characteristics in Arab architecture which seemed to embody the qualities of the Arab race and the course of its action in the world. I pointed out that as the energy of this race was unequal to the task of evolving any sustained and coherent system of civilization, and expended itself in spasmodic impulses and fanciful conjectures, so its architecture exhibited the same mannerisms and the same defects, being an affair not wanting, certainly, in initiative, in movement and in energy, but wanting altogether in the more enduring qualities of strength of character and tenacity of purpose. Arab buildings in their fragile impetuosity, an impetuosity directed to no intelligible end and controlled by no consciousness of a constructive idea, do indeed give us a very lifelike and striking representation of the history of that fiery, desert-bred race, which, powerful to destroy, was powerless to erect anything permanent in the place of the thing destroyed.

Only, to realize the truth of that representation, one must go to life for the clue, and consider the architecture in connection with the racial character of which it is the outcome. And so, too, if we are to get the full meaning out of Gothic we must seek that meaning also in life; we must ask what was the mission in life which was given to the Gothic races to fulfil? So far as the merely negative and destructive side of their business was concerned it is evident that the mission of Goth and Arab was the same. Both were equally appointed to the breaking up and carting away of the litter of paganism, and both set about this part of their task with equal fervor. "Alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the North and the South, the glacier torrent and the lava stream." It is so that Ruskin, in his magnificent language, describes the onrush of these invaders upon the decrepitude of the Empire. Yet though equally possessing energy as their main characteristic, nothing could, in fact, be more different in quality than the energy of the North and South, the energy that made France and England and the energy that made Algiers and Morocco, the energy that erected the tottering arcades of Cordova and the energy that constructed the towering vaults of Amiens and Westminster.

Well, then, let us seek the cause of this difference in life. We have tried to interpret Arab architecture by the light of Arab achievement, let us try to interpret Gothic architecture by the light of the achievement of the Gothic races.

As to this achievement there need be little difficulty in reading what has been written so broadly across the page of history. The Gothic races obliterated, not the Roman civilization, indeed, for in this all real vitality was already extinct, but the decaying and stereotyped and now meaningless plan

[1] Contemporary Review, May, 1907.

of social and political Government in which that civilization had been incorporated. The Empire was dissolved, and the curtain of the Dark Ages falls upon a scene of general chaos and confusion. After six or seven centuries it rises again. The chaos and confusion are over. The arrangement, grouping and distribution of the elements of which a new civilization is to be composed are complete, and there is once more apparent the outline and fabric of a coherent social system to replace the system that has vanished. But this new system is not a copy of the old. It differs from the old both in form and spirit. The Roman civilization was universal. He who was outside that civilization was outside civilization altogether. Rome knew no rivals or competitors. The incitement of the spirit of emulation among nations, the spur to national efficiency afforded by the constant danger of being eclipsed by others were influences unknown to Roman society. Imposing from its vast extent and perfect organization, the Empire was evidently lacking in the great motives which have since come into play tending to stimulate a healthy spirit of enterprise and maintain social vitality at a high pitch. These were supplied by the new races, and appeared on the new national system in which, preliminary to any general advance in civilization, the territory and people of Europe were parcelled out. Henceforth, instead of being diffused in universal listlessness, the energy of mankind was gathered and compacted into well-defined, separate bodies, while its maintenance, so to speak, was provided for by the constant state of rivalry and emulation in which these bodies, so long as they remained separate, must necessarily continue to exist.

The national system, then, appears on the face of it to make a speciality of the very qualities which the Roman Empire had discouraged and depreciated, namely, human energy and enterprise. But at the same time these qualities were not inherent in, and did not originate with, the national system. The national system might maintain and perpetuate energy and enterprise, but it certainly did not generate them. Rather it was energy and enterprise which generated the national system. It was these living human qualities which worked out by degrees a social and political system expressive of their own nature.

We come back, therefore, to the Gothic races as the source and fountain-head of the modern national spirit. It has always seemed to me that the advent of those races may be considered as the most important application recorded in history of liberal principles to life. Indeed, the great struggle of that day between the old races and the new has to this extent a modern aspect, that it represented the clash of ideas which are still in active antagonism. If it be a tendency of conservative thought to cherish existing forms of government and the existing structure of society, and sometimes in its reverence for established institutions to forget, as it is said, that institutions were made for men, not men for institutions, then certainly the Roman Empire, with its grinding mechanical system of fixed usage and routine, its settled purpose of crushing out the spirit of individual enterprise and initiative by breaking in its subjects implacably to its own forms and rules, may be said to have exhibited a triumph of conservatism of a particularly pure and undiluted quality. If it be a tendency of liberalism to cherish individual freedom and energy above all things and to regard all forms and institutions as destined to yield to individual freedom and energy, then the barbaric invasions may fairly claim to be the greatest and most drastic

manifestation of the liberal spirit on record. Never, at least in the West, has the established fact presented so imposing a front; never have the powers that be seemed so unassailable in their absolute dominion as under the Roman government. Never, on the other hand, has the element of raw, primitive, human vitality advanced to the attack with such irresistible volume and impetus as at the time of the Gothic and Hunnish inundations. Mr. Watts's statue of Vital Energy—the statue of a warrior, naked, powerful, athletic, and bestriding a horse that matches its rider—might well enough typify that quality in human nature to the assault of which the Empire was subjected.

The result was what it usually is in such cases: the trappings and suits of old authority, long vacant of living force, went down as soon as they were vigorously tackled. Rome's power fell. The newcomers overspread the West, settled in every valley and on every plain and struggled and fought and plotted and schemed among each other in inextricable turmoil and wild-eddying chaos for the rich inheritance into which they had stepped and the opportunities for development which it afforded.

This was the moment of the sowing of the seed. What was to be the upgrowth? How were the opportunities here seized to be utilized? We turn on some six or seven centuries, and in the emergence of the cluster of European nationalities we find the answer to these questions. Here, again, and for the first time since the fall of Rome, society assumes a coherent and organic aspect. Once more it is based on an intelligible principle. But that principle is not the Roman principle. It is not the principle of mechanical conformity, but of individual initiative and freedom, the identical principle, in fact, which the barbarians brought with them from eastern steppe and northern forest, and which has formed the basis from that day to this of the national life of Europe. If I venture to dwell on what is probably familiar to the reader it is because it is essential, if we are to verify the interpretation of character offered by art, to understand that character in life. It is with a view to recognizing it when cast into stone that we are to fix in our minds the dominating Gothic motive. I think it not too much to say that it is in the dominance of this motive that Western life has found its unity. Mr. Traill, in his "Social England," has emphasized the fact of this unity. From the English conquest of Britain, he points out, "the history of our social order is a history of uniform growth. There are no violent breaks in the narrative, nor indeed is there any material departure from what one may call the logical evolution of the 'plot.' Norman and Angevin, Tudor and Stuart, often working unconsciously enough, added each his chapter to the story; but its lines were laid down from the beginning, its development has been continuous, and its course, through all political fluctuations and vicissitudes, orderly." And if we question our national life as to the cause of this unity in all its varied manifestations, we shall find ourselves always brought back to that primitive, vital energy which is the basis of the Gothic character, and to the right it claims, and always has claimed, to express itself in free thought and action. The unity of European life—that unity which subsists under all differences and rivalries—does in fact consist mainly in this, that it all alike proceeds in great measure out of the primitive barbaric qualities of human energy and independence. Moreover, the presence of these qualities, which links all modern nations together in a common brotherhood, is also the mark of

their separation from the conditions of life prevailing under the Empire. The Gothic energy is the measure of the difference between pagan and modern Europe.

To any one who regards art as an interpretation of life it must be evident that so marked a characteristic as this in life must by and by make its influence felt in art. The change from the lassitude and apathy of Roman society to the energy and vitality of the new national society, which is so striking in life, and which, as I have said, constituted the one main difference between modern life and Roman, must, if art expresses life, have registered itself in a corresponding change in art also. This it has done, and the result has been a very extraordinary revolution in the history of architecture precisely corresponding in all particulars to the revolution effected in society.

Mr. Lethaby, in his book on "Mediæval Art," has described to us how the Gothic builders above all other considerations "desired an expression of tense nervous energy," and how they carried this idea out and pressed it home, "till works like the fronts of Reims, Strasburg and Abbeville seem electrical, and as if the stone leapt into spray of flame." In an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of a year or two ago the attempt was made to define the technical methods by which this characteristic energy was expressed. It was pointed out that Gothic architecture alone recognizes the principle of direct continuity between the forms it employs. All those forms and features which compose other styles of architecture are distinct and separable members, complete in themselves and therefore passive. The column, the capital, the abacus, the architrave, frieze and cornice of a Greek temple are in this way complete each in itself. They collaborate structurally, of course, but each is fashioned and applied as a distinct unit. They compose, therefore, a kind of architecture of which the chief characteristic is *passive* strength, or strength in repose in contradistinction to strength in action. Similarly, the forms employed in Roman and Romanesque architecture are all passive. They all employ finite forms and refuse to recognize the principle of continuity. But with Gothic an entirely new motive is brought into play. Mr. Lethaby, in the book I have already referred to, speaks feelingly of those "vigorous ribs of stone which spring from the pillars and spread over the internal area," and without a doubt it is these clusters of soaring lines which give its unique character to a Gothic interior. Embracing as they do the whole structure, and turning it into "a tense stone skeleton," they correspondingly engross the eye and mind of the spectator, and such is the vigor of their unchecked ascent that it seems to convey almost the idea of visible, upward motion, so that Freeman, catching the spirit of the intention here expressed, could see with his mind's eye the whole structure lifted bodily into the air under the stress of the upward impulse.

But by what exact and technical means is this vigorous effect attained? It is attained by obliterating the distinction between architectural members and fusing them into a single organic effort. The Gothic column is not in the usual sense a column at all. It is a bundle of the great stone lines or ribs which, here collected, are soon to pursue their upward and divergent courses. In the same way the capitals are not capitals, but ligatures tied round the bundles of lines at their point of separation. And so with all other features. The framework of the arches, the vaulting shafts, the ribs which diverge to form the tracery of nave and aisle vaults, all these, mak-

ing up the composition or skeleton of the whole building, are but portions of the column-lines in various stages of their ascent. It is these lines which, in the language of the article already referred to, "really govern and control the architecture and communicate their own energy to every part of it, making of the various structural forms conductors through which their energy is poured." It is, then, the fact that they are not distinct separate units but continuous and woven into a single structural design which enables Gothic forms to set up an actual movement and current of vitality, and it is this which gives to the style its aspect of energy or strength in action as contrasted with strength in repose. As time went on this idea was developed. The tendency was more and more to draw and concentrate the whole building into the active lines and to regard the intervening wall-spaces as of negligible structural importance, until in the great French examples all the architectural purpose is expressed in those elastic, stony sinews which rush up to meet in airy battle of thrust and counterthrust in the vaulting high overhead, while the walls between melt away into great lakes of luminous color fitting the stone ribs.

At the same time, however eloquently and forcibly the lines and ribs of a Gothic interior may express the energy of the style, it is important to remember that that energy does not primarily reside in those lines and ribs. Those lines and ribs draw attention to and emphasize the nature of the structural theory of the architecture, and it is in the structural theory of the architecture that the energy expressed in the lines and ribs really resides. The reader will easily follow this if he will for a moment fix his attention on one very notable characteristic of the arch principle, on the fact, namely, that the arch is the one, and the only possible, source of energy, of strength in action that is, which exists in architecture; the reason for this being that it is the only constructive form which exerts a pressure laterally, and that lateral pressure cannot be directly met and set at rest. A word of explanation will make this clear. The downward pressure of superincumbent weight acting upon the arch frame tries to drive in the head of the arch. In order to effect this, however, it has to force the sides of the arch apart, and the attempt to force the sides apart translates the original vertical pressure into lateral thrust. To accept the first illustration that occurs to me, if we were to take a child's wooden hoop and press down upon the upper rim the sides would, of course, expand. The vertical pressure would be translated into lateral thrust. This is precisely how the arch deals with its burden. Instead of transmitting the pressure of it in a direct line to the ground, it radiates it in part horizontally to left and right. This is the pressure that cannot be met, for how is it possible to intercept a force exerted *across* the line of gravity? And since it cannot be met it is persistently active, persistently alive. The Indians have an acute saying to denote this activity of the arch. "The arch," they say, "never sleeps." Place a lintel of stone across two uprights and you have an arrangement in passive architecture. The lintel sleeps. The structure will stand till the stones dissolve. But introduce arches into a fabric and you have started forces you cannot lay, which will go on day and night working at the disintegration of the building, because no counterforce which the wit of man can devise can be brought to meet that sideways thrust point blank and send it to sleep.

The arch, then, is the source of all energy in architecture, energy being

defined as strength in action as distinguished from strength in repose. Now let us consider for a moment what there was peculiar in the Gothic treatment of the arch. The Greeks, of course, detested the arch on principle. Its unintelligible methods were consonant with no clear and simple effects, with no precise intellectual definitions. Ideal beauty had no part or lot in the accursed thing. The Romans used it in a shamefaced way, hiding it as much as possible behind sham columns and architraves, and for the most part forming it of one solid lump of concrete, by which means the side thrust was, of course, neutralized. Whether, however, treated from the æsthetic or the utilitarian standpoint, it was always felt, all through the classic age and as long as the clear-cut Greek taste prevailed, that there was something vulgar about the arch. Anything obscure or involved was above all things odious to the classic mind, and the arch, owing to its habit of distributing pressure sideways, is undoubtedly, compared to the column and lintel, a very involved structural feature indeed. In short, the arch's lateral thrust had been its reproach, the blot upon its 'scutcheon, something which if it did not debar the use of arches altogether yet ought as much as possible to be hidden and ignored.

And although as the scrupulous Greek ideal died the arch established itself in general use, yet it remained for Gothic builders to actually exalt and glorify what had been considered its defect. It would seem that in the irrepressible energy, manifested as I have explained in the lateral thrust which the arch exerts, the new races recognized a quality after their own hearts. At any rate, far from concealing or fighting shy of it, they set themselves to develop to the utmost this very characteristic, and even to exaggerate and show off its waywardness and intractability, as if it were the most desirable of virtues. In this dangerous vitality they proceeded to deal as the subject matter of their architectural style. They stimulated it by degrees and from small beginnings. Liking its ways, they studied deliberately how to foster and increase it, and as it grew and put forth its strength they delighted in the prowess of the only adversary they knew of whose energy equalled their own. Moreover, the joy of the Gothic builders in this desperate encounter, as in the case of the loftier-vaulted Gothic it really came to be, is matched by their clear appreciation of every move and stratagem involved. They handle these powers of their own unloosing with an almost scornful familiarity, guiding and directing the tremendous pressures of the arches to the props and supports beneath, and as the vaults rise higher and their thrusts grow more dangerous and ungovernable, inventing expedients of unheard-of daring to counter and withstand them. They carry on the fight, too, in full daylight, without subterfuge or disguise, convinced that for the spectator as for themselves it must needs be the most interesting and fascinating of all themes, exhibiting every thrust and parry in naked relief, and calling upon us to share their excitement as they "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm" of the fierce forces they have evoked.

This energy is the inspiration of Gothic. It is not a style; it is a fight. When we stand to-day in a Gothic interior, with the vaults of nave and transepts meeting above, and the choir opening in front of us like some great chasm in a cliff, and look up at the tall narrow roofs half hidden in shadow abutting against each other, it may be we seldom enough realize how strenuous and alive are the forces which are here engaged. But, difficult

as it may be to associate the idea of activity with forms of such rigid immobility, yet really every portion of the structure is in violent and furious action. The immense weight of the lofty roofs, flung sideways by the thrust of their vaults and threatening to burst the whole building asunder, is met and checked by the pressure of vaults setting in the opposite direction. Thrust meets thrust in full career. The aisles and chapels push for all they are worth against the strength of nave and chancel, while the thrusts too high for them to parry are encountered by the lofty zigzags of flying buttresses and guided to earth. This struggle it is which those stony ribs we just now spoke of, that mount in sheaves and rush up like soaring rockets to spread over the vaults, emphasize and explain by showing us the direction and play of the forces engaged. They mark the sectional joining of the vaults and point out where and how the expanding pressure is guided to pier or buttress. In composition, therefore, as well as in detail, carried out through every part and portion of the structure, the exhibition of the energy of the arch and the struggle to control and manage it are the supreme motives of Gothic architecture. But yet do not let the reader suppose that it is a stone struggle only he is watching in the dim cathedral vaults; that the matter ends there, in those piers and arches, and that any structural explanation of these will give him the clue and meaning of it. No, the meaning must be looked for elsewhere. The measure and exact equivalent of the energy here displayed is to be found in the human energy of the race which invented the style. If the Goths alone among races loved the unquenchable vitality latent in the arch principle, if they fostered and developed it, made it their plaything and measured their strength against it, it was because they alone sympathized with and understood it, because, that is, they felt within themselves the kindred impulse, because they *were*, in a word, what they were making. In their own image created they these wrestling ribs and vaults. It is here the secret lies of the overmastering attraction which the new style possessed, not for the leaders and geniuses of the age only,—for this was not one of those purely artistic products which claim special insight and are great only in the hands of the great,—but for the mass of the people of the whole race. This is the reason of the spontaneous and rapid growth of the style. It sprang up without effort, of its own volition almost, because it was an embodiment of racial character, because men recognized themselves in it and carried within their own hearts the clue to its meaning.

So far, then, I have attempted to draw the reader's attention to two events, one an event in life, the other an event in art. But if we place these events side by side we shall see that they are really but one event. If we consider the achievements of the Gothic races, the torrent of vital energy which they poured into the West, the collapse of the old inanimate routine of government and the old inanimate social system before them, the formation of a new kind of government, and the rise of a new social fabric, instinct and permeated through and through with the energy of the invading races, and then if we go on to compare the metamorphosis thus wrought in life with the metamorphosis wrought by Gothic in architecture, we shall see that the two processes are so identical that they might be described throughout in almost the same words. Both the living and the stone energy appeared on the scene with the same suddenness and the same deci-

sive effect. Both found a rival in possession whose chief characteristic was the massive but inert strength bequeathed by Rome. Both attacked this rival with the same fury and the same result. Both followed up their victory by establishing a system of their own. In both cases the system thus installed was a novelty in European experience, and both these systems were quickened and informed by one and the same motive and spirit.

Such, briefly, are the points of identity between what the Goths did in life and what they did in art. They seem to me to establish the right of Gothic architecture to be accepted as a literal impress of casting in stone of the spirit of the Gothic race. It has been pointed out by critics who have disallowed the legitimacy of the word Gothic as applied to this style, that in the long stretch of time which had elapsed between the Gothic invasion and the outbreak of Gothic architecture the invaders had in many respects developed and changed in character, that the word Gothic, signifying barbarian, had in fact in that time dropped out of use as applied to life and therefore cannot appropriately be applied to art. If this is a difficulty I think it will disappear as soon as we enter a little more deeply into the idea that Gothic stands for. Certainly he takes but a superficial view of history to whom that word, as applied to life, suggests nothing more than a horde of ferocious figures, ravening on bloody flesh and glaring through shaggy forelocks, half fascinated and half appalled at the ordered Roman ranks and the marvels of Roman civilization. This is outward and accidental, and it is the function of history, as of art, to weed out the accidental and give us the essential. We come to what is essential and racially characteristic when we come to a certain group of creative efforts, all bearing the same character, all due to the same cause, and all appearing in the world at about the same time. The rise of free institutions, the struggle of the commons against feudalism, the concentration of citizenship in boroughs and communes, the beginnings of elective parliaments, the banding together of merchants and craftsmen into guilds and corporations for self-protection and the assertion of their rights, these are among the events, constructive of social and national unity, which characterize Gothic action in life. They mark the twelfth century as the moment of fruition for the Gothic race; the moment when the ideals held previously as blind impulses were worked into a homogeneous scheme of life. These are all racial events and might with propriety be called Gothic were it not for the fact that, divided as the invaders soon were into separate groups, it has become usual to follow the fortunes of each group separately, and to trace, in France, England, Germany or elsewhere, the phases of national growth under their national aspect. Under this predominance of the national aspect the racial aspect of these events has been suffered to fade into the background, and the word Gothic as applied to life has been lost in the words French, English, German, etc. Now Gothic architecture is simply one of this group of creative efforts which mark the fruition moment of the Gothic race. It could no more have come earlier than it did than national unity or the idea of a society based on individual freedom could have come earlier than it did, and to expect it earlier is to forget that creative art is the expression of life. But, whereas it is convenient to treat the social and political events of history under their national headings, it is reasonable and right in dealing with the more impersonal and ideal subject of art to sink

local divergence or precedence in a common title, referring all national branches of style to their common origin. It is more, indeed, than reasonable and right in the case of Gothic; it is of the highest import. It reminds us of a truth we are too apt to forget, and strikes the note of unity which under all national differences still constitutes a dimly-felt bond between the peoples of Europe. No one will deny to France her well-earned pre-eminence in the style. But after all the difference between France and the other nations in the matter of Gothic is but the difference between the spokesman who utters a common thought and the listeners who catch up and echo the words. Gothic is a racial event, and if we grudge to apply to art a word not applied to life, it would be more reasonable to extend its use to life and recognize the racial through the national in social and political affairs, than, by losing the use of it in art, to lose also the recognition it implies of our racial identity.

It would be easy, I think, to bring forward many subsidiary arguments in support of the contention that Gothic architecture is simply the incarnation of that spirit of living human energy which, in the barbaric invasions, resuscitated the declining Western Empire. The life of the age and the ideas that were everywhere moulding it would furnish such arguments in abundance. But on these I place small reliance. If the reader's attention is not caught by the main resemblance between the outburst of Gothic building and the influx of the Gothic tribes; if, as he watches the sudden energy poured into architecture, the passive forms hitherto prevailing quickened into new life and every part and portion of the structure inspired with sudden overmastering vitality, he is not reminded of a similar transformation in life, the transformation of the old effete pagan civilization into the vigorously alive civilization of modern Europe, then there is probably little use in taxing him with additional evidence, which is more likely to tire his attention than to convince his judgment. I believe, however, that if he place these events side by side he will easily recognize the resemblance. A child, or a peasant, must feel the influence of the Gothic energy in architecture. His eyes must be dragged upward by the rush of the lines and he must be conscious of their united and soaring motion. And in the same way there needs no subtlety of cleverness to discover that energy was what the barbarian tribes brought into the West with them, and that the importation of this energy into life is what differentiates the modern nations from the Roman Empire. To bring these ideas together, to see in the architectural energy a translation into stone of the living human energy, is, it seems to me, what gives value and significance to Gothic architecture. Nothing can drive home to our consciousness the temper and traditions of the racial character we inherit with such force as this peculiar style of architecture. The lessons of history are many, their interpretations are often involved and debatable. But the testimony of the eye is convincing and final. If, then, the reader would make acquaintance with the inner spirit of his own people, let him study Gothic architecture in its relation to life. I was taken the other day to visit a lace factory, and passing through many rooms saw in each various wheels and discs and bobbins revolving and darting to and fro in ordered, steady motion. Then at last I visited the power room and saw the naked monster of machinery at work which sent force and energy to every part of the factory. In somewhat the same way, standing under the lean vaults and sinewy ribs of a

Gothic interior, I have felt myself in the presence of that primitive racial vitality which still, through many aspects and various translations, gives health to modern civilization and society.

There is this point to be remembered in conclusion. The tide of living energy that overswept Rome was, as we pointed out to begin with, a two-fold tide, a tide of two currents, the Northern and the Southern, the Gothic and the Arab. But the Arab energy was destructive only. It could replace what it tore down with no enduring system of its own, and to this day the marks of Arab occupation are everywhere the same—natural sterility and social anarchy. The Gothic energy was constructive and it substituted for the old pagan scheme it destroyed a civilization which can stand the test of time. This, too, is the difference which appears in the architecture of the two races. As the weak construction and spasmodic impulsiveness of Arab buildings betray the fatal instability of the racial character, so does the bold structural logic of Gothic buildings, with their strict coherence and interdependence of parts, denote the essentially constructive genius of the races of the North. All the later history of the two races, the long rivalry, the unequal struggle, the retreat of the destructive principle before the constructive, of chaos before order, has been, it seems to me, but a comment on their methods of building. To get the full meaning out of either style let the reader compare and contrast them. And as he does so let him remember the history of either race and the fate that has overtaken it. He will then, I think, feel how pregnant and powerful is the interpretation of life which these great spontaneous styles of architecture offer us.

L. March Phillips.

The Contemporary Review.

THE VALUE OF HUMOR IN HISTORY.

It used to be thought sufficient, not so long ago, to divide historians into two classes—those who chronicle wars and the doings of kings, and those who more particularly describe the humbler but not less important part played by the people in their everyday life with its indirect political influence. This simple division was all very well for a non-critical age, but we go far deeper into such matters now. A mere compiler of facts and dates would at present be considered only a hack; anybody can do that sort of work if he has industry and patience enough. We want our historian to develop some new theory to account for what has happened, to let us know what he believes to be the inner meaning of terrestrial events. His facts may be wrong so long as the truth of the meaning is in him; we think it of little consequence whether a certain event did happen, or not happen at all, in 1250 or 1260, but our historian must be able to tell us why, Cosmos being what it is, this particular thing, if it did occur, was unavoidable.

The historian must therefore be able not only to see into a brick wall much farther than others, but, to distinguish his work from a mere philosophical theorem uninteresting to the majority, he must make us see through that brick wall too, by touches of nature that appeal to all ages alike. This has undoubtedly been achieved by Carlyle; he has above all others succeeded in that difficult task of making old bones alive again, and it may be interesting to trace how far the individual idiosyn-

crasies of the writer make the historian popular and successful.

No writer has been more diversely judged, discussed, praised, abused, pounded and expounded by friends and foes alike than the sage of Chelsea. As a consequence we seem to know the man, as distinguished from the writer, so well that it is not necessary for us to have known him personally, as Sainte-Beuve said it was for those who would understand and value a man's work. The rugged, dyspeptic Scotchman, so gruff and uncongenial in speech—(Keep thy mouth shut, Jane)—shows us in his work quite another side of his character, one which common report does not usually ascribe to his countrymen. Thomas Carlyle, the writer, by no means joked with difficulty; his sly or caustic humor was irrepressible, though for some reason or other the value of that humor in the historian of Frederick the Great, of Mirabeau, and of Cromwell, or even the necessity of it, has never been sufficiently appreciated. This mental endowment was the more singular and unexpected because his themes are always so terribly serious, but the moralist never misses the humorous side of what he condemns; he does not on that account excuse it, but he always points out the extenuating circumstance of human weakness with a caustic, or more often good-natured, humor. One might say he often laughs outright at his hero Frederick; sometimes at Cromwell, even at Danton and Robespierre, poking fun at them in a friendly sort of way. In the whole history of Frederick's father (more pleasing it almost seems to him than that of the hero himself), the undercurrent of laughter and banter is unmistakable. Unintentionally, perhaps unconsciously, it is by this humorous running comment that he makes his historical characters so truly alive. This is clearly shown by comparing him with other writers who have chosen the same subjects or epochs; the lack of humor in Mignet, for instance, makes his "French Revolution" much less readable and may be less trustworthy than that of Carlyle.

Both writers, curiously enough, have the same fondness for the apostrophe, so immortally ridiculed by Paul Louis Courier ("Oh mes pantoufles! Et toi, Nicole, et toi!") when he wanted his slippers; but Mignet often strikes a false note of insincerity, which Carlyle never does. Let us see how differently they treat a somewhat similar subject. The Frenchman happened to be struck by the desolate aspect of a barren rock which he saw somewhere, he does not say where, and it reminded him somehow of the French Revolution, and this is what he says about it: "I sat down; and from my eyes tears of anguish, slow and painful, began to flow—Nature had but too well reminded me of History."

We cannot say it is not true; but one imagines some sympathetic wayfarer going up to the unhappy historian, trying to console him. Also the surprise of the wayfarer on being told! Though it is just possible that a French wayfarer might have seen nothing extraordinary in it; we know that "the great Condé wept over the verses of the great Corneille." And now see what Carlyle felt when he, too, happened to behold a barren rock; he mentions the spot, the when and the where, following the great Frederick at the outset of the Seven Years' War in 1756:

> The bewildered tourist sees rock-walls heaven high on both hands of him; . . . and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrow and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. "How much happier, were I lying in my bed!" thinks the bewildered tourist; does strive withal to admire the Picturesque but with little

success; notices the Bastei, and other rigorously prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be "done." That you will have to *do*, my friend: step out, you will have to go on that pinnacle, with indifferent hotel attached . . . admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

Allowing for a little exaggeration, that is what a tourist or historian feels, tired mentally or bodily may be, but without any anguish; and for a trustworthy guide in the often barren field of history we prefer the man with a touch of natural fellow-feeling, and the slightly caustic description serves a decided purpose too. We have now been more or less forced to take a mental survey of that Sublime Bastei or Bastion which was a great source of trouble to Frederick; if it had been mentioned merely as the name of a spot round and over which the army moved with some difficulty, the chances are that we should not have realized the fact half so well. When the reader has been thus guided past the Bastei memorable in Frederick's history, the road for him, and for the king, is clear all the way to Prag, and to one of the most sanguinary conflicts recorded in history. "We will stay on Frederick's side through the terrible action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World, loud as Doomsday"—and here the irrepressible humor breaks out—"the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears!" Let the present reader, rummaging in old yellow-leaved books of bound music, ask some one "of energy" to play this once so celebrated piece for him and he will cordially agree with Carlyle. The grotesque note serves, nevertheless, to remind one of the world-wide sensation created at the time through the world's drawing-rooms by that historic struggle, now clean forgotten.

Neither his statue on the Embankment nor his portraits by Whistler and others give the slightest indication of this trait in Carlyle's character. But indeed this is not surprising, for the truly gloomy man as painted with rare insight by Whistler is more likely to have flashes of sad humor in him than the happy superficial man whose domain is more properly Wit; closely allied as wit and humor are, the one almost excludes the other. Humor is an attitude of mind belonging, one might say exclusively, to the thoughtful races of the North; one meets it frequently in conjunction with melancholy, as in the typical case of Carlyle; there is nothing volatile, superficial, or of levity in it, and this explains why the most witty nation under the sun, the compatriots of witty Voltaire, are perhaps also the least humorous.

The total absence of any suggestion of wit is obvious in the following authentic anecdote, which, nevertheless, is intensely humorous, and once more illustrates the value of this attitude of mind in history.

When Andreas Futteral was standing sentry, the king's majesty actually deigned to speak to him; did him that signal honor. This is what the king said. When he passed the lines, the sentry, as in duty bound, demanded the pass-word, and the king, probably irritated at being interrupted in anxious thoughts, said angrily, "*Schweig, Hund!*" ("Silence, you dog"!) When the highly honored and flattered Futteral told and retold this anecdote he always added, "That's what I call a king!" Now it is more than possible that the French Mignet would have considered this too familiar for his stately academic style, or below the dignity of the historic muse, and would thus have missed the opportunity of giving us such a lightning glance into the king's mind at the time and glimpse of the relative con-

sideration in which general and soldiers held each other.

In his account of the cannonade of Valmy, Carlyle gives us another humorous insight into the mind of high personages. He relates the fight in a few lines, being well aware, as he says elsewhere, that all battles are the same, uninteresting to describe and to read about, were it not for some act of individual heroism. Here it was not a heroic act which served his purpose; it was a purely human but most prosaic article—the King of Prussia's great-coat:

> His Majesty of Prussia had a great-coat when the rain came; and contrary to all known laws he put it on, though our two French Princes of the Blood, the hope of their country, had none! Our very friends insult us; we are wounded in the house of our friends.

Does not this one slight touch of humor visualize this cannonade of Valmy for us more than the most scientific strategical account could have done? There they stand on their elevated knoll, these royal ci-devants, these self-exiled Bourbon princes, by the side of His Majesty of Prussia; he has come to help them—yes, but does not this great-coat offensively put on in august presence denote how much he means to help himself? We catch their side-glances of resentment, of envy and reproach: "You would not have done this at the Tuileries if——" The breach of etiquette, so monstrous in those days, showed them but too clearly how much ground they had already lost. Perhaps they did not then know that, a few months before, this same etiquette had received, at the Tuileries, a far greater blow; in the presence, too, of the very Dumouriez who was now so unmercifully cannonading them. Carlyle relates the fact with the same gusto for the unexpected whimsical. When Citoyen Roland, Minister of the Interior, better known as the husband of Madame Roland, kissed hands on his short-lived appointment, an agitated supreme usher touched Dumouriez's arm. "Monsieur! Do you see! Laces! No buckles to his shoes." "Ah, Monsieur," said the grim republican with a spice of unexpected humor, "tout est perdu!" ("All is lost!")

The author of "Sartor Resartus" had naturally a keen eye for what is absurd about clothes, great-coats and shoes. Even when he speaks of the dreadful tannery of Meudon, where the skins of guillotined aristocrats were made into soft leather suitable for clothing the armies of the republic, he could not refrain from hinting how useful this might prove to be for the "scandalous want" of the Sansculottes.

He does not specially go out of his way to make a humorous point; he hardly makes a comment of his own on the "Gold of Pitt" scares; he lets that absurdity work its own way into the reader's mind by damnable iteration, until the reader begins to laugh of his own accord whenever he chances upon a patriot smelling out that ever-present bogey. On another instance of damnable iteration—that of a member of the Convention who kept calling out for two mortal hours at regular intervals, "I demand the arrest of scoundrels and poltroons!"—Carlyle, after an inaudible chuckle, merely remarks that for that matter he himself demands the same thing.

We said just now that the humor was unconscious, in so far that the intention to amuse was far from the writer's mind, but it is impossible to study his works without coming to the conclusion that he himself was grimly amused while he wrote, no matter how ghastly the details he was marshalling into a consecutive history. This characteristic is probably quite unique in literature; no one except Carlyle could

have written the history of that terrible time, describing all its horrors in words of fire and flame, and yet with an actual chuckle on every page of it. And this without for a moment losing his grasp on the shocking reality; we may shudder at the grisly mental pictures he evokes, the next instant we must smile at his whimsical comments on them. He is justly severe and speculates in philosophical dismay on the mad new religion officially decreed by Robespierre, but he does not forget to tell us how this chief of the Jacobins talked far too much about it, so much so that one of his red-capped colleagues told him: "I'm getting pretty sick of you and your Supreme Being!"

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is a magnificent record of that wonderful achievement; it is practically exhaustive, for in every municipal library of Holland, in the smallest towns, one finds books and pamphlets marked by Motley in Latin and in a small neat hand: "This book has served me in compiling my work on the rise of the Dutch Republic." Splendid as the work is, we venture to think a slight infusion of Carlyle's peculiar style would have improved it. The subject-matter must have had great attractions for the author of Cromwell's history, and the reason why he never attempted such a congenial task is that he most probably feared, as he did in the case of Cromwell, a want of personal fire and brimstone records of the principal actors—records which stood him in such good stead in the description of the French world-drama. Flat and unprofitable Motley's book never could have been, but a spice of humor, of which he gives little sign, would not have come amiss in the description of that heroic, if dreary, struggle kept up for eighty long years amongst the dykes, ditches and canals of a watery country.

It was always a safe gibe to laugh at the Dutch for rising in dead earnest only after the imposition of that iniquitous tax, the celebrated Tenth Penny. Oppression they could stand, it is often said, but you must not touch their pockets. This, as the after results have clearly shown, is an unfair view of the case. It is one thing to suffer in body and quite another to suffer in pocket to such an extent. Seeing that by fair means or foul there's no more to be squeezed out of you, I will take a tenth part of the dry pulp that's left, and we cry quits! Mankind has always been "impatient of taxation," and why should the Dutch have been less so? When a relative or a member of the household has suffered, even to death, for faith and freedom, there is a certain reflected glory left, but where is the glory in paying taxes? The empty room of the departed hero is kept sacred and is viewed from time to time with deep emotion and holy tears, but mankind views an empty cash-box with quite different feelings. Imagine the enraged burgher looking at his cherished guilders for the last time as his own, clapping on his felt hat to carry them to the hated Spaniard; for in Holland they do not *collect* taxes, obligingly, as is done here; they will not even take the trouble to come for your good money, you have to bring it yourself.

Picture to yourself, then, that despairing burgher trudging along may be endless streets, miles of stagnant canals in which for two doits he would fling himself, or a Spaniard for choice, walking on such a soul-stirring errand. And that man, forsooth, is not to rise because his pocket is picked, capable as he has shown himself to be to knock the very crown of Spain into a damaged second-hand article. The owner of that since dilapidated crown overreached himself; that was not a demand to make of a people prone, as the popular doggerel has it, to giving

too little and asking too much; a people to be described by one who knows them well as the most stiffly tenacious, the least yielding and obliging, on earth. They would not oblige Alva with that tenth penny; they stuck manfully to it in the face of tremendous odds; and for a reward they, under the Silent William and Maurice, finally got the wealth of all the Indies to refill their empty cash-boxes.

If Carlyle had written their history he might possibly not have exhausted his material as thoroughly as Motley did, for his method of brilliant detached pictures was in the nature of it fragmentary, but he would have talked with the natives, with the common people of to-day, so uncommonly like the Scotch even in their language; their frugality, that quaint unpolished humor of theirs with which they would have explained their still heroic attachment to the cash-box, would have touched a responsive chord in the Scot who would have given us vivid mental pictures of their heroic forefathers, over which one would hardly have known whether to laugh or to cry.

Who that has read it can forget his ludicrous account of George II. trying to hoist the Dutch when, as one of the sea powers, they were disinclined to stand by their treaties? Would the tale told in the official language of the diplomatic correspondence on the subject have stuck so persistently to the memory? We actually seem to behold the little Britannic Majesty personally hoisting them, as by a dead lift, only to see them slip back over and over again in their native morass. "Lend a hand, then," said George to everybody who would listen, "treaty obligations, don't you see? They're heavy but hoistable; with a good pull and a long pull and a pull altogether we may yet get them on their fighting legs." But it would not do; their cash-box kept them down—it was very heavy just then, and they wished to keep it so.

It will not now, we think, be contested that the historian, to be successful, should be a somewhat pronounced humorist, especially the chronicler of our own times. What would our present life be worth, with all its strenuous striving, its scientific disillusions and struggle for existence, if no one could see any humor in it? Our descendants would have a very wrong idea of the beginning of the twentieth century if it were unfaithfully represented to them as a dry, colorless period without a decided vein of fun, amusement and humor running through it. Such could only be the age of the Puritans, when there were no theatres or music-halls, no concerts, dances, no innocent fun of any kind. Why, in those terrible days of the French Revolution, while the blood ran daily and freely on the guillotine, not less than twenty-two theatres were open nightly in Paris alone; parties were given and dances—*Bals des Victimes*, where only they might dance who had lost at least one member of the family on the scaffold. It is on record—I do not happen to remember by whom, but the fact is true enough—that the ladies at those grisly-gay assemblies wore a thin red ribbon round their fair white necks. Horrid and seemingly heartless symbolism could no further go; but all this only serves to confirm our contention that a solemn, humorless history cannot be a true one.

We cannot but regret that the history of ancient Rome and Greece should be given us only in mummified form, smelling of the British Museum. To unroll the resinous swaddling-cloths of a deceased Pharaoh, to decipher the Rosetta Stone, or to read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," seems to most people pretty much the same cheerless occupation. A literary Mark Tapley, cheerful under adverse cir-

cumstances, would remember that Pharaoh must once have had a laugh in him; that this Rosetta Stone was erected for a purpose for which we ourselves would erect innumerable stones if we had the chance, to commemorate a remission of taxation; that even Gibbon affords amusement if we can read between the lines. Gibbon states gloomily that the Emperor Commodus hired himself out, at an immense salary, to amuse his subjects in the arena and to exhibit his own prowess, but he does not say anything of the remarks of the audience safely out of hearing; they would have afforded entertaining reading. Handled in his severely-grotesque manner, Carlyle would have made that undignified emperor alive for us again. Did Imperial Majesty, we wonder, withdraw with a smirking gladiatorial bow to his dressing-room under the arches of the Colosseum, beaten black and blue, vowing by all the Olympians that he wouldn't do it again for ten times the money; that when he was again wanting cash he would screw it out of his grinning subjects by constitutional means, with infinitely less pain to the shins and other exposed parts of the imperial anatomy? No, for he appeared, says Gibbon, on seven hundred and thirty-five days, receiving for every representation not less than eight thousand pounds of our money! It seems nearly incredible. What theatrical manager could afford to engage a star, even an imperial star, at something like three millions a year. Gibbon is a good authority, and the circumstance was exceptional, but we cannot help wondering if it is true.

Could we suppose that the common gladiator, whose salary must have been woefully cut down to make up for this, beat him after the manner of Harlequin, with a dummy sword or cudgel warranted to make a maximum of noise with a minimum of hurt? This is probable enough, for Gibbon mentions (without the ghost of a smile again, though even Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend'" must have smiled when he read out this about "Commodious" to Mr. Boffin) that the emperor only allowed his antagonist a leaden sword. This was sensible of Commodus; though according to modern ideas not very sportsman-like. The honor of fighting with the Master of the World was great, and the risk was greater. He was not the man to reward one for thoroughly thrashing him as he so well deserved; rather there was risk of after-consequences with a sack and the Tiber in them. More touches like this, which make all the ages kin, would have given Gibbon a greater circulation in the lending libraries.

The students who can read between the lines and find out such matter for themselves in dry and ancient records are rare, though in the very oldest records we possess the unconscious humor is frequently very obvious. That magnificent epic, the Odyssey, though its "surge and thunder" would have been sadly marred by an actual joke, is, nevertheless, as a credible history of Odysseus, as full of suppressed sarcasm and humor as is Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." Making the fullest allowance for archaic exaggeration and for ways and habits to which we are no longer accustomed, we still must wonder and smile when we read how that doughty warrior, surnamed "Waster of Cities," never lost an opportunity to weep copiously, as much and as often as Æneas himself, of whom the following is recorded in the old ballad:

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought tears amaine;
That where he sate the *place was wett*
As though he had sene those wars
    againe:

So that the Queene, with ruth therefore,
Said: Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

At the supper given to him as a wandering stranger by King Alcinous, Odysseus was in such a sad mood that his host, hearing him "groan heavily," stopped the music with these words, as recorded by Homer: "Hearken, ye captains and councillors, let Demodocus hold his hand from the loud lyre, for this song is nowise pleasing to all. From the time that we began to sup hath yonder stranger never ceased from woeful lamentation." Here was a guest that ought to have been in request for dinner-parties and suppers.

We do not know who Homer was; we are not sure that he wrote the Odyssey, and we cannot tell whether the suggested humor in this immortal classic was conscious or not. What must we think, for instance, of the case of the immortal cattle of Helios the Sungod? The companions of Odysseus, being hungry, killed a few of the immortal cows, roasted them and ate them, to the unspeakable anger of their equally immortal owner. The thing seems to be next to an impossibility; these rude warriors performed a feat that was never done before or since. Homer gravely relates it, but is aware that he is in a fix. So he says, as if that mended the matter: "The skins began to creep and the flesh bellowed upon the spit" (as well it might), "both the roast and the raw, and there was a sound as the voice of kine."

Such an equivocal explanation would hardly do even for him, as he makes Odysseus drily remark "that he could find no remedy, the cattle were dead and gone." There is sometimes true humor in stating an impossible fact with a grave face without laughter. The case reminds one of Heine's remark when the villagers showed him a large stone or hollow rock in the centre of the village, used by them as a water-trough, and said to have been dropped there in ancient times by the devil. He, like Homer, does not dispute the fact; he simply accepts it for what it is worth, with the caustic remark: "In those days the world was soft, and the devil was soft, and they made one another presents."

Whilst to a few it is the most deeply engrossing of studies, history cannot be said to be a popular branch of human knowledge; it would be really interesting to know how large a percentage of the population cares twopence about the past history even of their own country. This attitude is chiefly owing to a defective system of teaching; from the very vastness of the field it is impossible to teach in schools more than the barest outlines of it. There is obviously no time for the details which could make this study a favorite with the young; they forget the soul-deadening 1250 So-and-So, 1260 So-and-so, as soon as they can, but they always remember that King Alfred burnt the cakes. Give them the Boscobel Tracts; there is, for the young, no humor in them, but boys don't care for it, and they will soon be interested in Charles's clumsy attempts to disguise himself—soot first, walnut-juice afterwards—any schoolboy would rejoice to think he would have done the job better, but he will remember the unfortunate Stuart all the longer for it.

Grown-up students quickly enough detect the humor of a king so grateful that he grants his deliverer a pension—to be paid out of the public funds in perpetuity by the people who come after him! The Stuarts are all gone, but we still pay a trifle—at least we did so a few years ago and may do so still for what we know—to the descendants of the man who helped to disguise the fugitive Charles. For

the sake of the humor of the thing we should not wish it to be otherwise; when Charles Lamb was swindled one day he said he did not regret the money, for the sake of having a conception of such a specious rogue; and in the same liberal spirit we do not grudge the minute fraction of a farthing it may cost us individually per annum to share in this truly royal vicarious gratitude. The mournful Stuarts, true to their character, were often humorous without knowing it; witness James I. "his Proclamation" on passing through Hinchinbrook in 1603, "That such crowds shall not gather round our Royal Person."

We have not touched upon the debatable topic of church history, in which humor, moreover, must seem out of place. It is present, however, for all that, and in no small measure; we may venture perhaps to mention two instances which can give no offence. When Laud, as chaplain to the king, reported on the religious condition of the people in Scotland, he was not aware how humorous he was when he wrote, "There is not a surplice in the country. I question if there be a tailor in the country that could cut you a decent surplice; the tradition of religion seems lost." The other instance is still more remarkable. One of the divines present at the Hampton Court Conference in 1603-4, who had grown up as a Roman Catholic, had a brother who became a Protestant. The two undertook to reason the matter out together and did it so effectively and to such good purpose *that they converted each other*, changing places and religion. Then, we must suppose, they had to begin afresh a controversy to which at this rate there could never be an end.

Marcus Reed.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

HERBERT SPENCER: A RECOLLECTION.

The first time, the philosopher was entertained unawares, for the intimation that it was "Mr. Spencer in the library" brought with it no recollection whatsoever of the name. Had it been Edmund Spenser it might have been otherwise, for has not "Spenser for Children" long made Una and Britomart and Talus as familiar friends as the Little Mermaid or Cinderella? But Herbert Spencer has never, to this day, been published for children: not even his "Education."

So it was with a profundity of ignorance, combined with no little sense of dignity in being sent for as the only person at home, that the descent was made to the library. And here the guest proved kindly-eyed and bushy-whiskered and decidedly genial and in nowise awesome, announcing himself as fresh from playing golf at North Berwick, and betraying at once that he was a family friend by his enquiries after each of those absent, and by his allusions to family stories and to things that had happened during bygone visits. A mention of the Athenæum Club having proved him worthy, he was directed at parting that he would find his host at work in his room at the Register House; and he went—still a mystery.

Alas! with the advent of a better-informed member of the family, possessed of a nice sense of humor and a nasty gift of sarcasm, all the dignity, acquired by having received the guest, vanished. Not even the having asked him to remain to dinner absolved the ignoramus. Mr. Herbert Spencer's identity remained for long a humiliating subject; indeed, it may have been this that urged the courageous

acceptance, years later, of an invitation to go and spend "a fortnight or more" with the philosopher at Brighton.

The first sight of him there was in a shady dining-room, where he was lying on a sofa. He half raised himself to greet the visitor: and instantly there was revived the same impression of humorous kindly eyes and genial manner, of long shaven upper lip and bushy side-whiskers, of critically uplifted eyebrows and jerky sentences. He was clad in a weird dressing-gown of several different shades of red, destined to become very familiar during the visit, for he always wore it. Indeed, feminine opinion was courted, later on, regarding the moot point of whether the various reds matched; and was given decidedly in the negative. Mr. Spencer had no eye for color, but much opinion on it. He bound the gray sofa covers with mauve braid; and there is a true tale that he once draped the bookcases in his library because the titles of the books distracted him in his work by provoking new lines of thought: the drapery was of a dull drab tint. There is another true tale that he once employed a woman to crawl about and laboriously ink over part of the pattern of the carpet, because it was too bright and so vexed his eye.

The days at Brighton passed pleasantly. There was no other visitor save one lady, an old family friend, who had come to spend the winter with him, and who therefore, with his resident secretary, formed the household. It was January. Memory recalls keen cold days and a sail-less winter sea—a great blue expanse, unbroken by rock or island or headland—a sea ever present, seen from every window, lapping the edge of the Esplanade along which every walk and every drive began and ended—a great sea, blue by day, black by night. And then, after the recollection of that sea, comes the recollection of the philosopher and all his kindness and hospitality, and of his talk—a talk broken by many an island and many a headland—a talk as varied as that blue English sea was changeless.

Mr. Spencer was never visible till one o'clock, when he would be "discovered," as they say at the theatre, on the dining-room sofa, with a little table drawn up to his side, and near enough to the dinner-table to make conversation easy. He had spent the morning upstairs dictating to his secretary, after having personally interviewed the cook and ordered the dinner, and he was now ready to talk—a talk continued during the drive alone with him that came next in the order of the day, a drive generally by the sea front, but always away from the west, with its fashion and its crowds, its hotels and shops, and all its garish gaiety. And then the talk would still continue through the tea hour—he shared the hour but not the beverage—but more fitfully, for then it would be broken by calls for music, and by the advent of the evening paper. And, with the announcement of supper for us in the dining-room, the philosopher would wish us "Good-night," and would be seen no more, unless he honored his guest by a special summons to return to him in the drawing-room.

Some snatches of his talk remain in the memory. One afternoon it fell on Douglas Jerrold and his witticisms: on Lord Young and his; on Dr. Keith's "Plea for a Simpler Life"; on his favorable opinion of William Watson (he meditated writing and asking him to add another verse to "Waters Parted from the Sea"); on his unfavorable opinion of certain of the writings of Freeman and of Matthew Arnold. One afternoon was almost entirely devoted to George Eliot; but how the talk veered round

from her to the nutritive properties of gelatine as an article of diet it is impossible, at this distance of time, to say. It did, however; and Mr. Spencer submitted the theory that gelatine alone was sufficient to maintain life. One winter evening the great man gave a disquisition on the origin of kissing. It began, he said, with a savage tribe who expressed their mutual approval by rubbing noses. Another day, comparative morality as exhibited in Old Testament narrative slipt lightly and imperceptibly into ladies' sleeves and the *pros* and *cons* of crinolines. But what Mr. Spencer best liked was a good Scotch story. How his eyes brightened in anticipation! How ready and spontaneous the hearty laugh that disturbed the long, dogmatic, shaved lip! It almost went to prove wrong the generalization that the English have no sense of humor.

In nearly all of the notices and appreciations and reminiscences of Herbert Spencer that appeared in the spring of 1904, this familiar side of him—his humor, his keen enjoyment of a joke or a story—remained untouched. Even the most graceful and intimate, penned with an appreciation and affection both personal and inherited, was written when the recentness of the event tinged all with sadness. With the others, it was no doubt because the writers regarded him only as the author of "First Principles," of "Principles of Biology," of "Principles of Psychology," and of several other kinds of principle, and not as a long figure in divers shades of red on a sofa, or the kindly companion, in broad gray felt hat, in the little victoria.

Ah, those drives! Sometimes Mr. Spencer was not feeling well, and one would note the fingers nervously seeking the pulse, and the coachman would be bidden to "Stop, stop!" He was "rather hard of hearing," as we say in Scotland, that coachman, and he generally interpreted the "Stop, stop!" as "Trot, trot!" and accordingly the sober little steed was incited to further effort. This was very agitating; but, when the coachman was made to understand, the victoria was drawn up, after the fashion of idle hours in Hyde Park, at the side of the road. On days when Mr. Spencer was feeling well, the drives were more extended. It was on one of these days that, on the information that we were on the old high road to London, the question was ventured, "I suppose it was along this road that George IV. used to drive in a high barouche?" The answer was prompt. "I take no interest in the criminal classes!" What a shock to one coming from Scotland, where scenes are only venerated as they boast memories of the past, and where loyalty has claimed as many martyrs as has religion! It was consoling afterwards to be told that Mr. Spencer had once, when looking at a famous bust of Julius Cæsar, found, as his only comment —doubtless with the same glint of good-natured dogmatism that meant no ill-will to man or emperor—that the features of the mighty Roman were of the "criminal type."

Pneumatic tires were then quite a novel luxury, and one day Mr. Spencer pointed out the fact that, whereas every boy who was passed on the road turned round quickly to ascertain the reason why the wheels made no noise, never a girl paid the least heed to the phenomenon. This, he said, proved boys more observant than girls. As he said it for the sake of contradiction, it was respectfully submitted that it was not the degree of observation that differed, but the thing observed: every girl, it was pointed out, carefully but unobtrusively scrutinized the occupants of the victoria, who, after all, were more worthy than the wheels. Mr. Spencer was delighted, and was so busy after this noticing what the girls

observed that he failed to see that never a boy heeded the pneumatic tires.

Mr. Spencer advocated games as tending to encourage observation and quickness of decision, and he also objected to seeing a woman with needlework in her hands. A compromise was arranged: the needlework was eschewed, but so was the backgammon.

A frequent subject of discussion was the art of painting; and another very favorite one was little niceties and pedantries of speech. He would not allow that it was "a fine day" unless the sun were shining—it was only "a fair day." Again, "infinitely," so dear an adjective to the exaggerating feminine tongue, was strongly prohibited when applied to matters that were finite—and everything proved finite! This subject was continued in after letters. "I hope your quotation from Ruskin was not made with approval of his style," he wrote once, after a page of argument that correct speech does not depend on knowledge of grammatical rules. "Applause of him is very general, but I cannot join in it. His style is to my thinking essentially artificial, leaving out questions of correctness. Further, if your quotation from Carlyle . . . implies approval, I again demur. . . . We will discuss these and other matters when you come to see me again."

The next visit was a shorter one, and was made in spring, and again to Brighton. Mr. Spencer was then in a house of his own, the experiment of a furnished house there having been a success. The familiar little victoria and the philosopher in his gray hat were on this occasion at the station; and daily, after that, the time was spent in driving, in talk, and in listening to music played to us on the beautiful piano that had been Mr. Carnegie's gift. Mr. Spencer's love of music was purely critical, and he would stop the player as remorselessly as he would stop whoever read the paper aloud to him. "Skip, skip!"—his voice sounds clear in the memory yet.

Too much talk, he held, was bad for him—gave him sleepless nights. When it was reported that yesterday's converse had had this effect, and that dead silence was to be the order of the day, a hint that a new Scotch story had been recollected and treasured in the interval was always sufficient to remove the prohibition.

But there was one sword of Damocles held above the head of any guest—two strange pads joined by, if the recollection be accurate, an elastic band. The purpose of these was explained with glee. They were invented and constructed for placing over Mr. Spencer's ears when he desired silence, and yet wished to put no restraint on the company. It remains a negative triumph that those ear pads were never donned!

Casual callers were a great abhorrence. Three Cabinet Ministers had once been granted five minutes, and a watch laid on the table had kept them to the given time. This dislike of callers led to a characteristic incident. On one occasion a voice, with a decided trans-Atlantic suggestion, was heard demanding at the front door if Mr. Herbert Spencer could be seen. Mr. Spencer was just round the corner, on the dining-room sofa, waiting for luncheon, and the supposition that the maid might be overpowered, and the inquirer admitted, proved insupportable. When the American on the doorstep became urgent, an amiable emissary went forth and parleyed.

"Mr. Spencer is unable to receive visitors," he was heard explaining.

"But I have come all the way from Noo York on purpose, sir! I assure you that with us the name of Herbert Spencer——"

"Mr. Spencer will very much regret it, but his health precludes——"

"I assure you, sir, that I would not detain him. The reverence that his great achievements cause him to be held in with us is——"

"I am afraid, however, that Mr. Spencer——"

"If I could merely be allowed to hold his hand and tell him——"

But this proved too much. The agonized philosopher raised himself on his sofa.

"Send him away! Send him away! Don't let him come in!" he called out.

A pause—everybody's breath held—and then, in the hall, in awe-stricken tones,—

"I have heard the voice of Herbert Spencer! I can now return to Noo York satisfied!"

. . . No marble tomb in Westminster Abbey: no quiet, green knoll in an English God's acre: "neither son nor nephew among his people" to bear his name. But the memories of his friends are rich in cherished recollections and thoughts of him,—not only of the works of his lifetime, not only of his great intellectual power and his fearless devotion to what he considered truth,—but of the kindly eyes and the old-world chivalry of manner and the unforgettable voice, and of the hundred-and-one little ways and whims and eccentricities and sayings and kindnesses of the great philosopher.

Rosaline Masson.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF MONSIEUR.

It may be you remember how the road which runs to the tiny fishing-village of Pontac branches off obstinately a little before reaching it. They say, the ones who know, that the fork was cut in the highway on purpose to puzzle strangers and keep them from finding the way there too easily. At all events no sign-post has ever stood at the crossing to exorcise the devil of indecision in the breasts of travellers. Those whom it concerns know which fork winds across the marsh, crowded with files of whispering sedges, to the house that is called to this day the House of Monsieur.

It is quite empty, now, the little house, and weeds overrun its garden. No one will live there, not the poorest. Yet if you ask why, no one answers, wise heads shake and the mystery remains to you unsolved. The story is simple enough, however,—only sad, yes, very sad. Will you hear it, my friends? Then listen patiently; it is not long.

In the good old days when the English fought the French upon the high seas and beat them, certain of the French prisoners of war were placed upon the island of Guernsey on parole. Each little fishing-town received its quota, nor was Pontac an exception to the general rule.

At first when the Frenchmen appeared there, the Parson, the Parish-Clerk and the congregation of fisher-folk who stood between, questioned about them as villagers will about the stranger and the unfortunate. They were, the prisoners, gentlemen of birth and breeding, for many Frenchmen of good family had enlisted during the recent political crisis as humble soldiers, the better to serve their beloved country. Still, who should fathom, people asked, the conspiracies of their foreign minds? Who should guess the witcheries of their Popish religion? *Sapristi*, for weeks the poor frog-eaters were stared at like flamingoes or penguins!

Notwithstanding, there they were and there they stayed, these noble foreign

gentlemen, and not a whit of trouble did they give to any one. In accordance with his duties as Justice of the Peace the good Parson marked out the bounds for the prisoners,—Whitby Church to the south, Chalk Cliff Common to the north, and up the valley inland as far as the stream half a mile beyond the fork of the Cross Roads; on the fourth side stretched the blue floor of the sea. These limits the exiles swore one and all upon the Book to respect, and if the course of their walks along the coast at sunset brought them up against one boundary or another they invariably turned sharply round and home again with the look of men who could for their honor's sake cut off their right hands rather than face the world with a stain upon them.

Thus slowly the Parson grew more easy in his mind over his charges, and yet more slowly his respect began to dissipate the cloud of suspicion which hung around them.

Most of the Frenchmen lived in the town in lodgings here or there. One alone out of the number built with his own hands a little house on the road which runs across the marsh studded with cream-cups. The house he built, my friends, is that they call the House of Monsieur. He built it for his young wife, who by some hard-won permission was allowed to share his exile. Monsieur worked hard, very hard at his task, never tiring apparently; all day and every day passers-by found him building and planting while he sang snatches of the gay songs of his country. You see, the flood-tide of love which washes away fatigue was sweeping over his heart.

In spring, when all was ready, she came, the long-desired one. The garden blazed a greeting, the flower-beds burst into welcome. Carnations and sweet peas, four o'clocks and sunflowers, turned their heads to welcome her. She came when the air was heavy with the scent of mignonette, honeysuckle, and roses, that clambered gracefully over the sun-dial which Monsieur, who had a pretty taste for modelling, himself fashioned in quaint design and set among them. A little deputation of the prisoners waited upon her coming, and made speeches of welcome in their gracious tongue.

Mon Dieu, but she was lovely, the wife of Monsieur, tall and white as a lily, her exquisite head set upon her neck with the consummate grace of a flower upon its stalk! Her eyes shone with a wealth of tenderness and beauty and soul, as though the thin envelope of flesh permitted the light of her calm and tranquil spirit to shine through.

Together she and Monsieur lived in their little house, going seldom enough beyond its glowing garden. Indeed, what need had they to seek contentment abroad since she dwelt so willingly beside them there?

In happy monotony a summer passed and a winter came,—a winter of bitter winds and heavy snow-flakes fluttering like clumsy white moths to the ground —a winter with forlorn Christmas festivities at the little house of Monsieur where the exiles gathered to speak of pardon and return, once the fighting should be over,—home to *la chère patrie*. For some it was the fog-bound coasts of Brittany, for others the sunshiny splendors of the Midi, for all equally dear.

During the first soft spring days of the new year a strange thing happened. One night Monsieur with the air of a man in a trance went to the Parson and begged him for three days to break the circumscribed parole. Reasons he would give none. The good Parson pressed for them. "Monsieur," said the exile drawing himself up with an air of distress, "you have found me always a man of honor. Is it not so?" The Parson nodded emphatically. "If,

therefore, I say I will return, I *will* return. Is it necessary for me to undergo a catechism, like a truant schoolboy, as to my desires, my motives and my destination? Is not it already galling enough that I am obliged as a prisoner to ask for the rights of the free earth, to sue for permission to traverse a little corner of the world?" The voice grew tremulous in its upper notes. As he finished his speech Monsieur walked slowly away with a look of inexpressible sadness. "*Pour la Patrie*, to think how I have loved her and how she has made me suffer!" he murmured to himself. The Parson following and overtaking him laid a light hand on his shoulder: "Go, my friend," he said simply; "return when it seems good to you." Monsieur gave him a quiet "*Au revoir*," in a voice cloaked like a muffled bell with gratitude.

Early the next morning the exile was gone and Madame apparently also. The little house stood bolted and barred. For three days the flowers ran riot in the garden, overstepping their precise borders shamelessly; but on the third night the shutters were flung open again and the accustomed lights shone in the windows.

At eight o'clock the exile reported himself to the Parson and found that good man sitting at ease in his kitchen. The cottage door stood ajar for the night was warm. He rose to meet his visitor and would have drawn him in. "*Vous Monsieur*," he exclaimed in his kindly joyous manner. "*Voila!* the Prodigal returned to us. Sit down, sit down. Nancy, bring ale, no, a bottle of red wine. Is it not red wine that you like best, Monsieur?" The Frenchman shook his head. "Nothing to-night, for I must return at once," he said; nor, hearing his unnatural voice and seeing his white face,—*nom de tonnerre*, it was blanched and drawn!—did the Parson attempt further to detain him.

From that night Monsieur was certainly a changed man. All day he sat in his little house leaving it only for his garden at sunset; but Madame never appeared even there. Sometimes the neighbors asked for her and then Monsieur replied always: "She is well but she cares to see no one. We are quite happy,—as we are."

Neither fish nor bread nor butcher's meat did the exile buy, and soon people began to whisper impossible explanations of his seclusion. Foolish tales of hidden treasure gained credence. Monsieur would not buy lest the boy, who delivered purchases at his house, should spy upon him; as for leaving the place himself he would apparently have preferred starvation to such a course. The Parson sent a pint of milk and a pat of butter daily from his dairy to his friend, but apart from that Monsieur and his wife must depend for food upon their garden. Ah, often enough they must have been hungry, these two, shipwrecked upon that little corner of an unfriendly land. And she, the lovely white lily, she must have been brave, of the true blood of France, to live so without quaver or complaint.

Monsieur was doubtless unaware with what fluency the village tongues were beginning to wag in wonder as to how his little household supported life. Suspicion ever follows close on the heels of mystery, and some of the more curious were grown cunning in their curiosity. *Mon Dieu*, they even devised errands up to the Cross Roads, little harmless errands, to be sure, that deceived nobody, least of all the exile himself sitting there in the garden at sunset behind the flourishing neatly trimmed hedge. "*Bonjour, Monsieur*," the passing neighbor would begin: "*Bonjour*," he would answer politely, yet with an inflection which made further conversation impossible and usually sent the questioner right-about-

face again. Then Monsieur, left in peace once more, resumed his quiet stare into the faces of the solemn sunflowers with an intentness which proved how deeply the prospect must have engaged his fancy.

So soon as the fighting was over, the other exiles, who had agitated by great red-sealed documents, began one by one receiving their pardons and slipping away from the discomforts of a foreign land home to their beautiful country. But Monsieur was not among them, and once again winter languidly glided into spring. Still Madame never set her dainty foot across the threshold of the little house. The Parson with tender solicitude ventured to ask if she were ill. "No, not ill," replied Monsieur, "*au contraire*, very well and quite, quite happy. Only, it may be," he added wistfully, "she longs for her own country."

So the dear old Parson, whose mission in life was to further the happiness of others, bestirred himself for Monsieur's pardon. No stone of his influence did he leave unturned; if Monsieur himself was too disheartened to work, he, Monsieur's friend, would try. He wrote to each of the old prisoners begging them to arrange the necessary formalities in France, for that it was only a question of neglected formalities the Parson well knew. Yes, the former exiles replied that they would gladly try for him, *le cher Curé*, so he was affectionately nicknamed, as well as for the sake of their old comrade. And try they did to such good purpose that one day a thick official letter of pardon, sealed with impressive seals, arrived and threw the Parson's modest household into an uproar. There on the shining deal table lay the fruit of his endeavors. The good man was in ecstasy. "My best surtout, Nancy," said he; "prepare my wig with extra care, and set out my finest frilled shirt, my enamelled snuff-box and my silver-headed cane. I go to present the letter myself." He was as good as his word and set off to walk to the house of Monsieur that very afternoon, whatever emotions he may have felt concealed by the upright carriage and solemn pace proper to a visit of state.

Monsieur, as usual at this hour, sat in his garden. He rose and leaned over the low hedge to speak to the Parson. "*Bon soir, mon cher Curé*," was his affectionate greeting.

"*Bon soir*, my son," and then unable to hold his secret in a moment longer the good old man waved the pompous letter in the air. "The pardon, my son, the pardon! *Allons soyons gai!* Do you realize what it means? It means you may go back to France,—to-day—to-morrow—when you will."

"But what if I will not?"

"You will not? You will not? My son, you are surely mad."

"Nevertheless, I will not go back to France, never," repeated the exile.

At this the kind Parson was so righteously provoked that he turned sharply and tramped back to town twice as fast as he had come, the light recurrent tap of his heels as they kissed the hard road sounding long in the exile's ears.

If the Parson nearly lost his patience with Monsieur now, the neighbors had lost theirs with him long ago. When, therefore, lambs began to disappear mysteriously from a farm up the valley just beyond the Cross Roads, where the little house of the exile still persistently stood closed and unfed by any visible means, a gentle wind of suspicion began to blow across it, a gentle wind that shortly increased to a steady gale, yet without Monsieur catching a breath of it. Then presently the townspeople became determined on one of two courses; either the Parson in his capacity of Justice of the Peace should search the suspected cottage or they would search it themselves. A committee of them waited upon the

Parson to tell him so. The good man reasoned with them; one lamb, he allowed, Monsieur might take for food—but twenty! They obstinately refused to listen to this argument. Finally he endeavored to impress upon them that courtesy forbade him to intrude upon the prisoner's privacy. "Either you search or we search," said the men doggedly, and the Parson was reluctantly obliged to promise he would go.

So once again at the sunset hour he trudged off to the house of Monsieur, but this time sick at heart. Once again Monsieur sat in his garden. Impulsively, as he saw the Parson coming, he rose and leaned over the hedge.

"*Oh, Monsieur le Curé,*" he said, "forgive me yesterday, forgive me! I have been ungrateful to you, my only friend, forgive me. I seemed to you obstinate, but oh, believe me, *Monsieur le Curé,* I cannot go; there are reasons——"

"Of course, of course, my son. I forgive, without understanding," said the old man soothingly. He hastened to change the subject to one less agitating. "Your flowers are *très en fête* to-day; your mignonette is sweet—as sweet as nothing in the world except itself. And your lilies"—a bed of pure white ones rose together in a corner of the garden which the Parson could see over the hedge.

"Yes, the lilies are beautiful," said Monsieur sadly; "those I love best. They are fine and pure—*n'est ce pas?*"

Very gently, almost with the tenderness of a mother urging her child to do something for its own good, the Parson led the talk around from the garden to the matter of the house, and told his errand to Monsieur.

The exile flared up at once like a torch. "They doubt me? They require the sordid proof of the eyes when they can for the asking have my word? *C'est une infamie!* They would force my house and pry and search." He clenched his hands. "Is it known in this country, the *parole d' honneur,* say, *Monsieur le Curé,* is it known? They have found these foolish excuses in order to probe my secrets. *C'est ça.* The town is curious, the town must know; I am one while they are many, the *canaille;* therefore they will come and walk into my house and see. Ah, but *Monsieur le Curé,* they can see; they can see first the point of my sword to greet them in the doorway, and then, when the point is dulled over my body, they can see the rest. Go back and tell them so."

The Frenchman spoke in a passion of fury and outraged feeling. With a gentle movement the old man laid a soothing touch upon his hand.

"Listen, dear friend," he said: "it is only I who need see, I, because—because, *mon Dieu,* I happen to be Justice of the Peace. If you refuse me entrance the others will come; you will refuse them also, forcibly, and there will be blood spilled, the blood of the old-time enemies with whom your country has been at such pains to make peace. Besides, since you have refused your pardon, you are still on *parole,* still on your word of honor to behave as a peaceful, law-abiding citizen. Monsieur, think over it well; *il faut jamais déshonorer la patrie.*"

Monsieur sank his head between his hands in a gesture of utter despair. It was long before he answered "*C'est vrai, Monsieur le Curé; faut jamais déshonorer la patrie.* If you will follow me," and he led the way to the little white garden-gate. Carefully he unlocked it and the Parson entered a miniature *allée verte* of neatly trimmed shrubs. Together the two friends walked up the narrow path where for a year no feet but Monsieur's had trodden; together they went into the little hall of the cottage; Monsieur turned and put his hand upon the door of the room to the right. "I will show

you, *mon ami*," he said, "the simple mystery of my life, the foolish childish delusion that has gladdened, these many months, the heart of a lonely man."

He flung open the door. The blinds were half down; a soft rosy light, the light of sunset, the light of illusion, flooded the room. It was a woman's room; a woman's little treasures rested on the tables, and upon a sofa near the windows, beautiful as ever but fragile and pale and delicate as the lilies growing in the garden, lay Monsieur's wife.

The Curé advanced with old-fashioned courtesy. "It is long since I had the honor of kissing Madame's hand," he said.

But Monsieur threw a detaining look towards him, and then straightway burst into a flood of laughter, such laughter as it is pain to hear, laughter compounded from the devil's recipe, of bitterness and irony, pain and anguish, agony and despair. It struck the kind old man with a rude shock. "My son, what will Madame think? That we make merry at her expense, or else at some vulgar incident in which her gentle ears can have no part," he said anxiously, turning to observe the effect on her of this singular outburst.

"Madame thinks nothing, hears nothing, sees nothing, knows nothing," replied Monsieur bitterly going over to where she lay. "Madame is wax, see, wax, body and soul. *Voila mon secret, bien bête n'est ce pas, Monsieur le Curé?* She, my white lily, died just a year ago, faded in the pale sunshine of this accursed country. I buried her myself near the flowers she so dearly loved, and when they bloom, to me it seems as if her soul too blossoms. Ah, but those first lonely days were sad, sad gray beads slipping along the interminable rosary of the years. For a little while I thought I must die; sometimes only the *parole* kept me from killing myself. At last this idea came to me. I asked three days' leave of you. I bought materials and brought them here; then with my own hands I made this statue. As you see it is perfect, perfect; only the breath of life is needed. *Mon Dieu*, I have prayed for that to the Holy Virgin and to all the Saints and Martyrs, every one! But the day of miracles is past. My prayers are not answered; only sometimes in the merciful twilight or the sweet candlelight I have thought, I have half believed, that my *lys blanche* was there with me again. *Monsieur le Curé*, I have guarded the house as a miser his gold, as a good woman her lips, because, —because I could not bear the comments, the sympathy of the neighbors, if they should know. I could not bear to speak of my loss; there are natures so made, dear friend, to lock up their joys and troubles. You can see now why I was obliged to refuse the pardon. *Monsieur le Curé*, my grief is sacred to me; it is my life, my love, my religion."

"And so it shall remain, my son," answered the old Parson, profoundly moved at the sight of the younger man's pitiful grief. "I swear no one shall know of it. And now I must take my departure. My mission is fulfilled and little brightness is left which the twilight has not claimed. Before the darkness I must go. God bless you, my son! May time suck the bitterness out of your trouble like poison from a wound."

"Yes, go, dear, dear friend, leave me; for sometimes in the kindly hour of twilight when the lilies shine with a ghostly radiance I can still fancy she is with me."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

The laws of copyright press hardly on the poet who uses the file. He may pass the evening of his days smoothing the rough places and correcting errors of fact or diction in hurriedly published drafts; but, until these drafts have known the popularity of the shilling reprint, not all his piety or wit will "cancel half a line, nor all his tears wash out a word of it." Our gratitude for the inclusion of Matthew Arnold's poems in "The World's Classics" is thus tempered with something like a sense of indecency when we find, for example, uncovered on the half-reaped Hinksey field, that "pale blue convolvulus" which changed its hue to pink when the poet was reminded of the practice of Nature. Publishers of non-copyright works become, by Act of Parliament, sticklers for the written word.

Happily Arnold's emendations are mainly verbal, and, like Tennyson's, mainly for the better. It would have been strange if this had not been so with one who was first and last and all his life a critic—a critic of life (we may grant him his own phrase) in his poetry, a critic of literature in his essays, and a critic of his fellow-countrymen in his social and theological writings and in his habit as he lived. We do not know whether a comparison between the earlier and later texts of the poems has been published; it should certainly provide material for some conclusions of interest. Even a casual comparison reveals a few suggestive changes. The title of Mr. A. C. Benson's promised book of essays, "The Altar Fire," recalls the best-known of those which are more than verbal:—

Quench then the altar fires of your old Gods!
Quench not the fire within!

in "Progress" became later the specific charge:—

Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods,
But guard the fire within!

Other changes in this, one of the most clearly felt of all Arnold's poems, prompt questions as to the development of his views. Why, for example, did he change the strong statement that "the Unseen Power Hath without pain seen no religion die" into the less controversial "the Unseen Power Hath looked on no religion scornfully"? The amendment half suggests a wish to compensate the orthodox for the shock of the comparison between carved gods and the Cross. As an example of the felicitious emendation there are the closing lines of the great deathbed scene in "Tristram and Iseult":—

Now to sail the seas of death I leave thee—
One last kiss upon the living shore!
Iseult.
Tristram!—Tristram!—stay—receive me with thee!
Iseult leaves thee, Tristram! never more.

This rounds off the passionate drama on the right high note, whereas the earlier version, apart from its obscurity, is on another level:—

Now stand clear before me in the moonlight,
Fare, farewell, thou long, thou deeply lov'd!

* "The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1849-1864." With an Introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch (The World's Classics. Frowde. 1s. net.)

"Essays Literary and Critical by Matthew Arnold." With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (Everyman's Library. Dent. 1s. net.)

"Poems by Matthew Arnold." With an Introduction by Alice Meynell. (Red Letter Library. Blackie. 1s. 6d. net.)

Iseult.

Tristram!—Tristram—stay—I come! Ah Sorrow—
Fool! thou missest!—we are both unmov'd!

Mr. Quiller-Couch, we imagine, would have preferred to print the later version for a special reason of his own. "No poet," he tells us, "before or since has so overworked the interjection 'Ah!'" We, too, have felt the irritation; but there seems no reason to think that Arnold was repentant on the point, as the revised version of several poems have one or more of the interjections added. One, for example, is added in "The New Sirens"; but the only change of importance in this, the most musical of all his poems, is in the last line of the stanza:—

"Come," you say "opinion trembles,
Judgment shifts, convictions go;
Life dries up, the heart dissembles—
Only, what we feel we know.
Hath your wisdom felt emotions?
Will it weep our burning tears?
Hath it drunk of our love-potions
Crowning moments with the wealth of years?"

"The weight of years" in the first edition, faithfully and no doubt compulsorily reproduced by Mr. Quiller-Couch and by Mrs. Meynell, must surely have been a printer's error. The sirens sing the wealth of "one crowded hour of glorious life," not the weight of "an age without a name." Here, and as a rule elsewhere, Arnold's revisions justify themselves at once; but now and again it is not easy to account for them. In the "Lines written in Kensington Gardens," for example, the second quatrain

The clouded sky is still and gray,
Through silken rifts soft peers the sun,
Light the green-foliaged chestnuts play,
The darker elms stand grave and dun

was cancelled later, though the description is not unworthy of Arnold's insight into the composition of natural beauty. His love of accuracy does not account for the omission; for, though the red-boled pines are no more, the chestnuts and elms have so far escaped the Ranger's axe. But we gladly sacrifice the quatrain for its substitute:—

In the huge world, which roars hard by,
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

Here surely is "the Arnold touch"!

Although the changes in the "definitive" edition are in the main improvements, and although it alone contains some of the finest poems ("Thyrsis," "Dover Beach," and "Obermann Once More" are still copyright), Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Quiller-Couch can introduce most of the poems which entitle Matthew Arnold to be called the greatest of our minor poets. If any quarrel with the classification there is no need to insist on it: such epithets are relative. Mrs. Meynell would justify his exclusion from the ranks of the major poets by a reference to Tennyson. Comparing a passage in "Sohrab and Rustum" with "The Passing of Arthur," she tells us that "it has not the absolute greatness of that 'level moon.'" A page or two earlier she says that "he chose the intellectual side in the long and historic opposition of the poets"; and in casting round for a phrase wherewith to dismiss him she lights upon "the master of those who choose," although "we may think he would have done well to choose otherwise." Mrs. Meynell never labors the connection between her thoughts; but the implication seems to be that Arnold would have been a greater poet if he had been, like Tennyson, less intellectual. We are reminded of a passage in Mr. Herbert Paul's study of Arnold—more illuminating on the essayist than on the poet—in which he quotes

once again Arnold's declaration, a bold one for 1860, that "the real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power." "After all," is Mr. Paul's comment, "he wrote 'In Memoriam.'" So Tennyson is a great poet because he is intellectual (on the strength of "In Memoriam") and Arnold a minor poet for the same reason. These attempts to dragoon writers into academic class lists are apt to land us in such absurdities.

At the same time Mrs. Meynell seems to us to be nearing the truth when she dwells on the deliberate choice of Arnold's mind. It is this power of choosing that forms both the strength and the weakness of his work. The art of poetry has been compared with that of skating — success comes to the learner only when he loses self-consciousness and lets himself go. If a reason must be found for the fact or theory that Arnold's work is not among the summits of poetry, we may seek it in his own unexpected statement that "not deep the poet sees but wide." It is a little strange at first sight that an intellectual poet should have made such a criticism of his own position; but the line seems to us to give the clue to the man. Except on rare occasions—and these are his greatest—he is slightly contemptuous of the poetic faculty. Mrs. Meynell says of his poetry that "much of it has the little scholarly strut of a lad conscious of an uncommon interest in the classics." Here again she seems to indicate the truth without actually stating it. It is true that Arnold never quite ceased to regard poetry as an academic exercise—unconsciously, of course, witness his dislike of the title of professor; but he does not write regularly as one who feels that something has to be said, that it can be said only in poetry, and that he alone can say it. This is the way of greatness, his own "grand style"; and it is because it is not Arnold's way in poetry that he remains a minor poet, though the greatest of them. He did not choose to be a major poet. Whether he might have been is insoluble, but the fact remains that he chose, half against his will, to be about other business; and a great poet is a poet and nothing else.

> I go; Fate drives me: but I leave
> Half of my life with you

he might have said, not to Senancour, but to Virgil and Dante and Shelley and the others. These might have said "I can no other": but Arnold was always conscious that he had work to do in other walks of life; and from this premise it was natural that he should in later life have a tendency to place poetry among the narcotics which are harmless if taken in strict moderation. Mrs. Meynell is rather shocked that he should have ended by giving poetry so humble a place among men—"as though they needed no more than these unmanly ministrations!" But Arnold never limited poetry to the function that some short-sighted critic attributed to the novel when (confusing fiction with musical comedy) he said that it was a form of literature suited only to quiet the post-prandial nerves of a stockbroker. Arnold meant nothing more than that what he felt impelled to say to his countrymen included some of the things which are never said in rhyme. Mrs. Meynell's introduction is suggestive, but it is hardly "of the centre."

Mr. Chesterton prologizes not to the poems but to a selection from the essays; and, as was to be expected, he makes full use of the opportunity thus offered to range lightly over a wide field of thought. He sets out to justify Arnold's defection from the ranks of the poets by indicating the measure of our debt to him. One of the things that the English people in the full en-

joyment of sweetness and light, may do some day—"one of the things may be to save the world. Another of the things will certainly be to thank Matthew Arnold." Mr. Chesterton, after his manner, does not argue with us; he just tells us. Some of the things he tells us (if they are true) show very plainly why Arnold ceased sacrificing to the graces of poetry in order to restore his countrymen to sanity. The Englishman "really thought it [the Franco-German war] was a little lesson to Louis Napoleon for not reading *The Times*." "He really thought it [the Roman Catholic Church] was a sort of sect." "That any man who had money enough to start a paper could start a paper and say it was as good as the *Athenæum:* that any one who had money enough to run a school could run a school and say it was as good as Winchester: these marks of the English anarchy he continually denounced." There is pleasant exaggeration here, but enough of underlying truth to remind us of the debt which modern England owes to Arnold for whatever wisdom and sanity there may be in her present outlook on criticism and education—a debt which could never have been incurred if he had not left his "mournful rhymes learn'd in more languid climes." If we do not "thank Matthew Arnold" for the decline of these crude views, the reason (apart from man's ingratitude to the outspoken critic) may be found in the excess of logic with which his teaching has been developed. Arnold taught us that Britain was part of Europe, that something might be borrowed from French lucidity and German organization; and forthwith the more stalwart moderns are preaching that we can forget our past and engraft Continental methods on the new learning of an infinitesimal minority. Only its imperishable humor makes "Friendship's Garland" still readable. Though the pill factory is still in the Euston-road, we no longer make trusses in Trafalgar-square, and the sentiments of Bottles are hardly those of the railway-carriage controversialist to-day. This is perhaps Mr. Chesterton's meaning when he tells us that ten years after his death English public opinion passed from anti-militarism to militarism without touching on the truth Arnold had to tell. "Whether as anti-militarists or as militarists, they were alike ignorant of the actualities of our Aryan civilization." The latter phrase is Mr. Chesterton's six words for Arnold's one; but because we are beginning to take a saner view of national responsibilities (there can be no danger of militarism in the Continental sense) it does not follow that we still fail to understand what Arnold meant by culture. That unhappy word and the doctrine underlying it have received a respectful hearing. "Culture and Anarchy" deserves an annual edition, though we have ceased to believe in the effectiveness of culture as an instrument "to make reason and the will of God prevail." A longer and more elaborate treatment than Arnold's pill is seen to be necessary if the body politic is to attain to perfect health. The Philistines may be ineffably cultured, as, indeed, some of them are, and even the Barbarians may see some glimmerings of the light; but can we educate our masters by preaching culture to the Trade Union Congress? Mr. Chesterton seems to feel this when he writes that Arnold "contemptuously dismissed the wage-earning, beer-drinking, ordinary laborers of England as 'merely populace.' They are not populace; they are merely mankind. If you do not like them you do not like mankind. And when all the *rôle* of Arnold's real glories has been told, there always does remain a kind of hovering doubt as to whether he did like mankind." Assuming that *rôle* is a

misprint for roll, we agree with this sentiment; but it is fair to remember that if Arnold had lived to see, as we are beginning to see to-day, the principles of 1870 prevail, he might have modified his doctrine of the vivifying power of culture.

This attitude of Arnold's towards the populace justifies Mr. Quiller-Couch's remark that "he was never popular and never will be." However much one may dislike the phrase and the thing, there was enough of the attitude of the superior person about Arnold's prose to disqualify him for popularity. To some extent this attitude is inseparable from the position of one who sets out to criticize his countrymen. Perhaps it is only the superior person who does so; and, if so, such criticism, if sound, being manifestly useful and of value, we should be grateful to those who dare to throw away the pleasures of popularity for conscience' sake, and to fall back on the dry husks of the peculiar and refined pleasures of the superior person. Such questions of the quantitative value of pleasures have led the moralists before now into mazes of nice discrimination. But, *pace* Mrs. Meynell, "even the master of those who choose" was not wholly his own master here. He left poetry for criticism because he had lost faith in the power of poetry; and yet his poetry is the most valuable thing that he left us, especially the early poetry of "his deciduous impulses and faculties." The little volume of 1849 is not the least wonderful of all those first editions which have fallen stillborn from the press. Here was "The New Sirens" which, according to Mr. Swinburne, he never surpassed; and "In Utrumque Paratus," of all his poems least questionably in the grand style; and "The Gipsy Child," and "The Strayed Reveller," and "The Forsaken Merman." Mr. Quiller-Couch, with an insight which makes his biographical introduction almost perfectly adapted to its purpose, writes of "his sense of atmosphere, of background, of the great stage on which man plays his part." In these early poems nature is more and man less, but gradually the proportion changes, and the outer world, as it were, plucks him by the sleeve and compels him to play his part among "the pleasant human noises." In the later poems we hear less of the laborers that shall not fail when man is gone, and more of man whose intellectual activities are the measure of all things. There is more of the natural magic, which is the essence of poetry, in the beginning; but he is never wholly without it, even to the end, even as far as the "Westminster Abbey." This natural magic is most evident when he drags himself from seeking "at God's tribunal" some large answer to the Sirens' argument, and allows his thoughts to stray for a moment to

> **Where at sunrise, through the vines,**
> **On these lawns I saw you playing**
> **Hanging garlands on your odorous pines.**

But it was this intense interest in the unchanging human activities — "there was never a finer worldling than Matthew Arnold" Mr. Quiller-Couch justly says—that keeps his poetry fresh while the inevitable doom which the topical reference brings is creeping over much of his prose.

> **Wandering between two worlds, one dead,**
> **The other waiting to be born—**

So Arnold described his position in a poem typical of his strength and of his weakness. If he was inclined to think this position peculiar to those who were born in the year 1822, the reflection of this inclination, visible in almost every poem, acts, and must continue to act, as a preservative keeping

his poetry fresh to the taste of all who make their own intellectual course, unawed by the counsels of authority or of despair.

The Times.

THE KAISER'S CREDO.

The German Emperor's speeches have always one element present in them whatever their very varied subject-matter may be. Looking into them, whatever there is in their form or their allusions to which we may take exception, we always find the dominant personal note which is the most original in Europe in these days. This is more than usually arresting in the speech which the Emperor made at the unveiling of the memorial at Memel, which we are told is emblematic of the rise of Prussia after the defeats of the year 1807. There are hundreds of able statesmen or professors or littérateurs in Germany who on this topic would have made clever or learned or patriotic speeches, but their academic methods would have been quite different from that of the Kaiser. We infer this of Germany from what we know our own clever speakers could do on the occasion, say for example, of the unveiling of a statue to Lord Clive and to commemorate the founding of the Indian Empire. Their speeches would be strictly of the "occasional" order; they would be reticent in tracing the wonderful series of events to cosmic or theistic causation; and above all, if there were any reference to a Providence it would be in an abstract sense from which all everyday meaning was carefully eliminated. Who in a popular secular audience of all shades of religion and no religion, scientific or pseudo-scientific, critical and cynical, would dare to assume the mantle of a Hebrew prophet and declare with profound emotion that the key to his interpretation of events was an actual pre-ordaining and intervening personal and particular Providence? This note has been lost in public speeches except when the German Emperor addresses his subjects. There was a time in England when probably we were more vigorous and virile than we are now and we spoke more openly of our mission as a nation under Providence, as we used to express ourselves. Either our confidence in this respect has languished, or under the sarcasms and sneers of other nations we have become more reticent and shrink from exposing ourselves to their ridicule. There is a sort of international rivalry in this matter: a jealousy that one nation should claim more of supernatural favor for its actions than another. We have become so well acquainted with the learning of the so-called science of comparative religion, that to allow ourselves to speak of the special favor of Providence would make us fear the taunt that we were worshipping and propitiating the favor of a tribal God. It is a difficult question whether we have really weakened in such faith as that held so strenuously by the German Emperor. We might say it is a mere change in matters of taste; and that we have come in this as in so many other things to be most reticent where we feel most deeply. If this is so we are fortunate, for after all it is not always the biggest battalions that win; and religion and patriotism so blended as to be indistinguishable have been known to save a nation from servitude and set it on a career of greatness. The question would be easier if we could settle how far the belief in a particular Providence, guiding and controlling us individually in every act

of our lives, is still a vital faith amongst us. It may be feared that scepticism has got a hold of us and that we hardly dare venture to trace the vicissitudes of our lives beyond the chain of material happenings which we can explain. If this is so, a great source of personal originality and vigor disappears; and a nation suffers from this scepticism both in its leaders and its commonalty.

A peculiar happiness of the German people seems to be that its leaders, since Prussia came to the front in Germany, have exhibited a simplicity of religious belief which is rather that of the pre-scientific seventeenth than the scientific twentieth century. The grandfather of the present Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke, Von Roon formed a group whose belief in a Providence shaping the destinies of individuals and of nations was either by instinct or by religious association as strong as, say, General Gordon's or as the belief of Socrates or of Napoleon in his daimon or his star. A similar temperament or a similar training, or both combined, keeps the German Emperor in the line of the tradition of the great men who founded the German Empire. They had none of them the Emperor's power of expression, not even Bismarck, who, however, we can easily imagine speaking to his people in the Emperor's strain if in himself had been embodied the divine right of sovereignty in which he and his group of great contemporaries were absolute believers. The belief in a particular Providence cannot be embodied in a more impressive figure than that of a sovereign who sees in his own possession of the right of rule the supreme example of the divine ordination of human affairs. The Kaiser may therefore discourse on the ways of Providence with nations with a sincerity and eloquence not to be found combined in any other person in Europe. That he is with absolute sincerity expressing his own temperament and philosophy in these utterances cannot be doubted, but it is dubious how far they are the views of the persons he addresses. Are his audiences sympathetic? does he speak to them as of the same household of faith? or is he endeavoring to dower them with the gift of his own spirit, knowing or suspecting them to be tainted with the materialist Zeitgeist? Unless we are greatly mistaken as to the German mind Frederick the Great rather than William II. would be its truer representative. It is interesting to conjecture, though the answer is uncertain, how far by his personal influence and views it may be possible for him to affect the character of his people. His ideal is that they should be militant saints. So far as we can judge the other influences at work keep them militant enough, but they appear to make little more progress in the path of saintship than the other nations that are not German.

Religious preachers and the moralists have always warned their hearers of the evil effects of prosperity on the character of individuals and nations and lauded the beneficent results of adversity. "Before I was afflicted I went astray." And the Germans, are as the Emperor claimed, almost incomprehensibly prosperous. But even out of this nettle danger the Kaiser plucks this flower safety, and like a good German sees as well in prosperity as in adversity the token that the Germans are a chosen people. There is nothing offensive in this for other people, if they recollect that they almost all make the same kind of claim. We all say with the Kaiser: "The more we are in a position to win for ourselves a pre-eminent place in the world in every sphere, the more must all classes and callings of our people remember that in this too the hand of the Divine

Providence is to be seen. If the Lord our God had not still great tasks in store for us he would not have endowed our nation with such splendid capabilities." It would be tedious to enumerate the special rôles which Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States, not to speak of others, contemplate themselves as playing in the scheme of Providence. And we all make our prosperity the test of the success we shall have in it. Blessed though adversity may be, we are apt to be less elate about our mission when we are experiencing it. The Kaiser's sermon is preached urbi et orbi, and it has the merit of a good sermon that it reaches us all alike and makes no invidious distinctions. We ought all to be the better for it; we have often heard it in church and its phrases are consecrated. The Kaiser dismisses us, and we acknowledge that if we take his lessons to heart "every man can go about his work, the scholar at his books, the smith at his anvil, the farmer at his plough, and the soldier with his sword, and ply and practise his craft as beseems an honest Christian and a German"—or whatever we happen to be.

The Saturday Review.

THE GRIP OF THE SPECIALIST.

What is the attitude for a reasonable man to adopt towards the growing power of specialists? In every important crisis of our complex life we are driven to have recourse to doctors, lawyers, engineers, brokers, schoolmasters, and other professional or business experts, entrusting them with an authority over the life, health, happiness, nd property of ourselves and of those near and dear to us, based on a belief in their superior knowledge and goodwill which we feel ourselves incompetent to test and which we yet know is liable to error. What security have we that they are competent and honest in the advice they tender? The issue which Mr. Maarten Maartens raises in his recent book, with an excess of vehemence likely to damage his cause, presents this problem of specialism in its sharpest outlines.

Everywhere among the educated public we encounter signs of disquietude, distrust, sometimes of vocable revolt against the dominion of the doctor and the elaborate professional and business apparatus that has grown up round him. The local general practitioner is attached to a big consulting physician in London, the latter recommends a specialist, who may propose an operation, to be performed by himself, or by some other surgeon; the surgeon puts his patient in a nursing home; the oculist has his optician, the aurist or other specialist his surgical instrument firm, and a chemist whose drugs are most reliable. If it is a case of treatment, not of operation, there is a sanatorium in the country or a seaside resort where baths, special diet, massage, electric treatment can be got; for more wealthy patients a particular hotel and a friendly foreign doctor at Marienbad or Homburg, with an after-cure in a certain not too elevated Swiss resort. Now there can be no doubt whatever that this elaborate network of professional interests contains grave possibilities of abuse. Not a few of our social analysts seem disposed to follow Tolstoy and Mr. Maartens in regarding it as an organized hypocrisy, playing upon the superstitious reverence of the ignorant for a pseudo-science which is little better than a cunning art of plunder, prac-

tised with a cynical disregard for the health, nay, the very life of the "patient" public. If we cannot accept this view of the great healing art, neither are we prepared to regard this intricacy of medical specialism as an entirely safe and salutary fruit of the advance of disinterested science dedicated to the welfare of humanity. Mr. Maartens brandishes the text, "When a soothsayer meets a soothsayer he grins." But this is far too crude a diagnosis of the case. It is needless and quite untrue, to assume that any conscious conspiracy exists either in the medical profession or in any other against the lives and purses of the public. On the contrary, there is probably a larger amount of genuine devotion to the interests of science and of humanity in this calling than in any other; the magnitude of the trust reposed in their practitioners must and does evoke qualities of effort and self-sacrifice unequalled in any of the arts. Moreover, it is fair to admit that not only surgery but medicine has made and is making immense strides in our time, and that this progress is in no small measure due to the very process of specialization which we have described.

Most sane laymen will admit all this, and yet they tremble at the power of this new priesthood, which is greater than can safely be entrusted to any class. Not without reason do we style it a priesthood. The original medicine-man was half-spiritual, half-physical healer: when the two functions in course of time became differentiated, the spiritual doctors, organizing their authority in Churches, wielded a far heavier and more lucrative control over the lay public than the doctors of the flesh. A shifting of the balance is now taking place. Even in those countries where the Churches still claim healing power through relics, shrines, and laying-on of hands, the medical profession has been gaining ground, and wherever the decline of ecclesiastical control has definitely set in, much of the personal influence and mystical authority exercised formerly by the priest passes over to the doctor. Various causes may be assigned for this change, chief among them the advance of popular belief in physiology, accompanied by neurotic habits of introspection.

Perhaps for the first time in the life of man upon the earth the care and cure of the body have definitely taken precedence of the care and cure of the soul. The doctor has largely displaced the priest. But the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha. The same temptations to the profitable organization of mysteries, the elaboration of ornate expensive ritual to attract and hold the allegiance of the devotee, the same jealous and pitiless persecution of heresy, display themselves in the new sacerdotalism. The layman is in this dilemma. The conditions of life make him ever more sensitive to the bodily ailments of himself and his family; the medical profession in the name of science ever discloses new defects of structure or of function which he would not recognize without their aid. Each of these forms a separate point for professional appeal. How many of us knew that we possessed a thyroid gland or an appendix until these discoveries came up in modern surgery? Now we know, and to our cost. The question which arises is this. How shall the layman make the necessary and proper allowance for the bias of the specialist, for his excessive tendency to diagnose along the lines of his specialty, and for the general tendency to elaborate modes of treatment which are most expensive to the patient and most profitable to the profession? The charge is not of cheating or of charlatanry, but of the secret unconscious play of intellectual

and economic motives under the guise of disinterested science. Where such great opportunities exist there must be grave abuses. How can the layman rightly discount the chances of abuse? His wife or child is sick. Not a disbeliever, he calls in the doctor, and finds he has invoked an instrument over which he can exercise no control, whose behests he cannot disobey, though they involve him in the acute peril of some operation or the alternative of some prolonged treatment of which he can know nothing save that it is the accepted cure, discovered last year and destined next year to be superseded as futile or dangerous. The net expense of the system which has grown up by this unconscious consolidation of interests which we describe is enormous. Every one knows some family of middling means upon whom some such treatment has recently imposed a terrible financial strain; in spite of public dispensaries and free hospitals, the burden of disease upon the poor is still more terrible. The issue must not be shirked. A larger and larger proportion of the general income of the nation is every year expended upon medical treatment; each decade shows a quite disproportionate growth of the classes of the population which earn a livelihood by medical services. The grip of the doctor and the chemist grows continually stronger. Now we are well aware that unauthorized treatments and patent drugs account for no inconsiderable part of it. Among all grades of the workers with a rising margin of wages drugs are sheer fetishes. But such drugs and their vendors are in part the heretics, in part the blacklegs, of the medical profession, with whom we are concerned. Improved education and the arms of the law may in time cope with these injurious excesses. But the authorized profession is "education" and is "the law," and their excesses are necessarily more difficult to measure or to meet. If a "quack" kills a patient the relatives may exact a penalty. But when a patient fails to rally from a "successful operation," performed with the proper ritual, no question can be raised. The absolute confidence with which a specialist of repute will impose a long, painful, and expensive treatment, which other specialists of no less repute condemn, bewilders and amazes those new to the annals of modern medicine.

No rational check exists for the ordinary layman. When he is taken ill it becomes a matter of chance whether he is forced to undergo a dangerous operation, is put upon a novel and hazardous diet, is sentenced to two months close confinement, or to a long term of distant exile. The menace of this peril casts a dark shadow over thousands of lives. Those aware of the hazard are as helpless as those unaware, for they have no real option of refusal. They dare not reject what in their heart they often regard as little better than a sporting chance, if it is imposed by professional authority. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." It is the clear knowledge of this truth that constitutes the power of the medical specialist. The network of community of interests with its system of profit-sharing and of commissions, supported by a legal procedure and a no less binding etiquette, which fastens this embarrassing control over the nervous lay public, has, of course, its analogue in every profession. But the vital and immediate force of the interest involved gives the medical profession a stronger hold than any other, and a proportionally greater liability to abuse it. Conscious trickery or conspiracy is the last charge we should press against a profession the members of which have doubtless a sense of personal honor at least as high as that of any other. Nor are we disposed to

waste much indignation upon the minor arts of deceit evoked by the fancies or the follies of a little class of professional hypochondriacs, for whom a subcutaneous injection of *aqua distillata*, or a bread pill may prove a suitable or even serviceable treatment. It is a far graver issue that we raise, that of the growing menace which everywhere confronts the layman in the grip of the specialist, where specialization is carried so far as to destroy or impair the true perspective of the general, and where it has been developed and perfected as a system of private profitable callings. Occasional disclosures have arisen regarding the financial relations between physicians and surgeons, and nursing homes, hotels, cures, chemists, giving rise to suspicions which become perhaps unduly exaggerated from the studied secrecy which is everywhere maintained. There is evidence that a competitive profession is subject to the same temptations as a competitive trade to make business and to secure it by secret commissions and other financial practices injurious to the customers. So long as it is more profitable to keep ill than to cure, and so long as the confidence or credulity of the lay public can be maintained, the less scrupulous members of the profession will be impelled to evolve new methods of attractive and expensive treatment, which fashion and imitation will carry far and wide, to the detriment of the public health and the enfeeblement of the public purse.

We do not hesitate to say that the known scandals of these abuses are numerous, and that a feeling of grave though impotent alarm is spreading through large sections of the community.

The Nation.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION.

The Anglo-Russian Convention, on the conclusion of which we tender our hearty congratulations to Sir Edward Grey, might be described in the technical language of photography as a "fixing" solution. The situation in Persia, where the clash of British and Russian interests was continuous and dangerous, the situation in Afghanistan and that in Tibet,—all warned us that "anything might happen" if the two Powers chiefly concerned did not come to some precise understanding which would restrict the scope of their hostility. The Convention takes the problems of the Middle East at the stage to which they have already been "developed," applies its chemical, and "fixes" them. Or, to use another metaphor, it takes the clay, which was in a thoroughly plastic state, and hitherto was being modelled and remodelled without intermission by the agents of both Britain and Russia, and claps it into the oven. There it is baked and hardened. The form of the clay under that process is not, it is true, unchangeable; but it is no longer sensitive to the finger-thrust of every meddler. The relaxation of the strain which is brought about by the Convention is thoroughly grateful to both sides. So desirable, not only in our own interests, but in those of the peace of the world, was such an Agreement that in the last resort we would not have shrunk from making even more sacrifices than have been made to achieve it.

The first point to notice is that the Convention concerns Asia alone. If it has any effect upon the equilibrium of

Europe, it will be an effect wholly unpremeditated. Such results, of course, are conceivable; it is always conceivable that a European Power which restricts its anxieties far away from home will expend nearer home the reserve of political nerve-power thus set free. But, on the whole, we do not think that the Convention will have any directly recognizable influence upon what we call the balance of power in Europe. On our side, at all events, the Convention means chiefly a prospect of a less exhausting military expenditure in India, and a new and most welcome sense of security in the Persian Gulf. The spectre of the Russian danger on our Indian frontier is laid. If the Convention had compassed nothing more than this, it would still be a memorable compact. For many years every soldier in India has had his ears filled with rumors of the schemings of Russian agents. These agents were in Afghanistan; they were in Persian Baluchistan; they pulled wires, they hatched plots, they were here, there, and everywhere. They supplied the mysterious background of the picture in which a concentration of Russian troops could easily be, and frequently was, painted into the foreground on the slightest provocation. The suspicions on the British side of the frontier were generally exaggerated, but that does not in the least alter the important fact that the suspicions existed. Armies are created and paid for, not only to defeat other armies in the field, but to ensure those who pay for them against quite vague perils,—to save them from the discomfort of perturbed or sleepless nights. The size of the army is in direct ratio to the alarms of the country. Now that Russia has promised to send no more agents to Afghanistan in order to sow wild ideas in the brain of the Amir, and has also promised to keep her hands off that triangle of Persian territory through which she might have turned the flank of our position in India, our expensive suspicions are ended. It is thoroughly satisfactory to think that the crisis of this long disease of anxiety about Russian intentions is over. For more than half-a-century Russia refused to give us the assurances we asked for—and suspicion broke out afresh with every refusal—but at last she has given them.

These assurances, as we said, have not been obtained without sacrifices. What are the sacrifices? At first sight it looks as though we had agreed to recognize Russian predominance in far too large a slice of Persian territory. Her sphere of influence is roughly about two-thirds of the country, while our own is not only small but is the poorest district. The Russian sphere takes in nearly all the large towns, including the capital, and the line of demarcation dives arbitrarily towards the south to include Yezd, for example, which one might have thought would remain outside. But, on the whole, the bargain only recognizes, or "fixes," the state of things as it actually was when the Convention was signed. Russian influence already pervaded practically all the district which is assigned to her. It may be said that we could have recovered lost ground; that the Persians trusted us, and would rather have us than the Russians controlling the larger part of their country. We cannot enter into the question whether we forfeited through lethargy trade interests which ought to be ours. The fact is that they were not ours at the critical moment, and if we have renounced advantages which we might well have gained in the future—though it is very far from certain that we should have done so—we gain in security elsewhere as much as we have lost in material interests in the Russian sphere in Persia.

The wise man will reflect what was

likely to have happened if this Convention had not been made. Was there any immediate prospect that our trade would get concessions in Northern Persia at the expense of Russia? We think not. The Convention only bows to the facts. At the same time, we confess that the British trader who still resolutely believes that he could surmount all the hindrances put in his way by Russia in the North may have to stifle some of his aspirations. "Equal opportunities" for all there will be in the Russian sphere, but the Russians alone will influence the granting of concessions by the Persian Government, and how that will work out for British traders remains to be seen. The persons with whom we cannot sympathize in this matter are those who for the purpose of reinforcing a humanitarian argument against the Convention—the argument that Russia is a monster with whom decent countries should not associate themselves—have no scruple about dealing out ammunition to Jingo irreconcilables. Let us, however, consider the extreme Liberal objections to the Convention, for it is certain that more will be heard of them. Is Russia too infamous for us to have any dealings with her? The answer to that question seems to us to be twofold. First, wicked persons are not made more wicked by the company of good persons,—if we may justly look upon ourselves as filling the latter rôle. And, secondly, if we habitually refused to strike any bargain with people whose character was not above reproach, our foreign policy would come to a standstill altogether. There are bargains and bargains. If we made an alliance with the Russian Government—which we have not done—and tied ourselves to them by bonds of the closest intimacy, we might indeed be held to have given a sanction to their horrible persecutions and their intolerance of the people's desire for Constitutional freedom. But all we have done is to strike a bargain, which is a mere matter of cold business, in order to end a dangerous dispute. Does one refuse to buy a horse from a man who is not demonstrably above the average in virtue? Do the extreme Liberals deny that a dispute existed? If not, do they deny that it was worth ending? So far as we can judge from the reasons they give, they are inexplicably content, as the *Westminster Gazette* has well said, to sacrifice the greater morality to the less. Another objection made to the Convention is that Persia has not been consulted, and that the "partition" of her territory is unjustifiable. The Convention, however, recognizes her independence, and the regularizing of the spheres of influence is but, once more, a "fixing" process. Of course, it is sad that Persia should decline—the decline of every country, the death of every man, is sad—but the existence or non-existence of the Convention makes not a jot of difference to her condition. She was already mortgaged and controlled. Her illness was obvious. All that has happened now is that the doctors have told her the truth. At the same time, they announce that they are applying a remedy which they believe will check the inroads of other, and perhaps worse, diseases. Persia, in a word, knows where she stands, and we cannot think, unless we are to attribute illicit designs for the future to our own Foreign Office or to Russia, that she is injured by the avowal.

Only one matter remains to be mentioned,—our rights in the Persian Gulf. For a hundred years we have acted on the conviction that we had fundamental interests there, and these have been jeopardized by the policy of Russia over and over again, yet no mention is made of the matter in the Convention. The explanation is con-

tained in a brief despatch which Sir Edward Grey sent to Sir Arthur Nicolson on the day the Convention was signed. This despatch not only makes it clear that our interests in the Persian Gulf are not affected by the Convention, but that they are definitely recognized. This is a point of the first importance. In the recent negotiations the Russian Government "explicitly stated that they do not deny the special interests of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf." And to make quite sure that Russia understood the full meaning of what she said, the British Government drew attention to "previous declarations of British policy." These declarations are clear enough. Lord Lansdowne, for example, said in 1903: "We should regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal." There is no equivocation there. Henceforth, we may take it, there will be only one policy in the Persian Gulf for both the great political parties in Britain. No doubt in the last few months Sir Edward Grey has tried to get more concessions from Russia than he has got. We suppose he reached a point when he had to say to himself: "Is the credit side of our account full enough now to make it worth while to sign a Convention, and relieve ourselves of most of our harassing anxieties in the Middle East? Or shall I haggle further and risk not coming to an agreement at all?" He decided that the moment had come,—that the great ends to be served justified his sacrifices. On reviewing all the circumstances, we cannot resist the same conclusion.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Story of My Childhood" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) Miss Clara Barton, the devoted Red Cross organizer and worker, tells for children,—at the request of one of them—the story of her own childhood. The story is told with almost naïve simplicity and may well appeal to child readers.

"The Best Man," "Two Candidates" and "The Advent of Mr. Shifty Sullivan," are the three stories of which Mr. Harold MacGrath has made a book bearing the title of the first. They are good, crisply narrated stories of to-day, mildly humorous and a little extravagant, reciting the sort of adventure which the reader may not hope will ever come his way and likes none the less on that account. Still Mr. MacGrath should know that it is novels which are expected of him. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Andrew Lang is making four additions to his bibliography through Messrs. Longmans this autumn, beginning with his usual Christmas book for children. "The Olive Fairy Book," as it is called this year, will be followed by an illustrated collection of "Tales of Troy and Greece," the two remaining books being a new edition in Longmans' Pocket Library, with some additions of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France"—Mr. Lang's

first volume, published in 1872, and long since out of print—and a life of the "Old Pretender," in which Mr. Lang appears in collaboration with A. Shield, under the title of "The King over the Water."

Professor Saintsbury's study of the "European Literature of the Later Nineteenth Century"—completing the series of twelve volumes of "Periods of European Literature" issued under his editorship—will be published immediately by Messrs. Blackwood. He prefers to call the complete work a "History of European Literature," hoping that some day it will "drop the 'Periods' instituted by the scheme on its appearance and challenge its proper position as the 'New Hallam,' which was announced in its prospectus."

The Duke of Argyll's volume of recollections will be entitled "Passages from the Past." The reminiscences extend back to the years of Eton and Cambridge, and the Duke's early visits to the Continent. His Canadian experiences as Governor-General provide perhaps the most prominent feature of the book, and his views on the British policy in Uganda are another contribution to colonial administration. The artistic pursuits of the author have brought him into association with most of the celebrities of his era, and about most of these he has original stories to tell. Some of the illustrations are also from his sketches.

Why Miss Zona Gale, having the whole gallery of Arthurian lovers whence to choose, selected Pelleas and Etarre to be the good geniuses of her tales is a mystery, but the seventeen little sketches collected under the title, "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," form one of the most agreeable volumes of the season's fiction. Pelleas is an unwarlike Bayard, and Etarre, in the year of their golden wedding, is still beautiful, and the two, having no children of their own, delight themselves in serving as benevolent and blameless matrimonial agents for the lovers whom they meet and fairy godparents for the children. One cannot choose among the stories because the last read always seems the best. The Macmillan Co.

A good sermon is no rarity for the Bostonian, and almost every winter brings him a volume or two containing a series or a group delivered during the year. It is strange but true, that nearly all of these books may be enjoyed by readers of any denomination, for the discourses on matters of transient interest, the differences between Christians of various types seldom find their way into print. Nearly all clergymen follow the plan observed by the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham in "The Temple of Virtue," and preserve sermons written with the needs of all men, not of one little group, in view. This volume contains "The Temple of Virtue" and four discourses, one on each of the four pillars of the temple, self-control, courage, prudence and magnanimity, and last, comes a sermon on the altar of love, which illuminates and consecrates the whole. There is sufficient ingenuity of device in the literary fashioning of the discourses to occupy the mind pleasantly while the spirit finds nutriment in their substance. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. James Buckham's "Afield with the Seasons" is a series of records beginning with the awakening of the spring and continuing until midwinter brings the whoop of the ice, the pistol crack of the frost and the creak of the snow. The notes are concerned with birds of all species of the Northern

United States and they are written with such informality that they need an index, although, if one cannot remember the precise page on which a clever observation appears it is no hardship to read twenty to discover it again. The photographs of birds are very good, the happy moment being chosen for each, but the pictures of still life are wonderful in their atmosphere. There are winter woods in which the steel-dark brook reflects the snow on its banks and the sky bent above it; there are woods into which the eye can penetrate trunk beyond trunk until the soft darkness hides all, and other woods in which the leaves conceal branch, bough and twig, reducing them to an undulating wall, and in one picture of the July woods the sky seen through the branches fairly blazes heat. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Sam Walter Foss disdains to call his "Songs of the Average Man" by the name of poetry, although the more serious songs well deserve it. His ordinary vein is good-natured joviality; his ordinary medium of expression that hybrid language drawn from beach and dory, farm and street, full of ellipsis and metaphor, called English by Americans and American by Englishmen. He can, on occasion, write fair Yankee dialect, but he prefers the more generalized tongue of the town, and it is in the town that he finds his topics and to the dweller in towns that he sings. Of his whimsical vein, the best example afforded by this volume is "If a man could be born when he's old"; the best serious verse is among the occasional poems, excellently worded and freighted with more thought than one expects to find in such productions. "How's the world to-day?" is a good song to teach the youngsters, and for the scapegraces, are there not the story of the man whose wife "jined the club," and the woful ballad of the coming war, and the mischievous ballad of the library? The volume is prettily bound, having a violet-strewn cover to indicate its Modern Athenian origin and end papers showing violets on a gold ground. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"The Japanese in Evolution," the contribution of Dr. William Elliot Griffis to the good understanding between Americans and Japanese, might very well answer the needs of those who, having contrived not to absorb any knowledge of Japanese matters, desire to begin at the beginning in their study of the country and of the race. In the opinion of Mr. Griffis, the Japanese are a white race, derived from the Ainus, who, according to him, are by no means the brutish creatures that some travellers have chosen to paint them. It is as white men that the Japanese have overcome their enemies, have created an art and a literature, and have awakened and nourished a wonderful loyalty now grown into a wondrous patriotism. It is as white men and not as Mongols, that they should be regarded when conjecture is rife as to their feelings and intentions. It should be remembered that Dr. Griffis has studied Japan for many years and in many aspects; that many of the men now in power are his friends, and that some were his pupils; that he has clarified his ideas of the country by much writing and speaking, and, above all, that he prophesied the events of the Russo-Japanese war with marvellous accuracy. If his book, taken altogether, would suffice for those who desire superficial instruction on things Japanese, its closing chapters deserve the heedful consideration of the well-informed. T. Y. Crowell & Co.